

Villages and Hamlets Within New York City

BY
LINDSAY DENISON and MAX FISCHER

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Villages and Hamlets Within New York City

An Account of Some of the Tiny Communities Out
of Which Grew the Greatest City in the World

By LINDSAY DENISON and MAX FISCHER

A Collection of Articles From The Evening World, New York,
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NOTE

New Yorkers frequently confess that in a lifetime in the city they have seen fewer of its landmarks and know less of its early history than strangers who come for a week's sightseeing.

The articles of this Evening World series were prepared as day to day reports of the interesting data of men and affairs and relics of little old hamlets and villages which are to be found by working for a month over maps and histories and old cuts, and by visiting the neighborhoods to which they relate. They do not pretend to be a complete catalog of communities nor a conclusive history of those considered.

Application to the New York Public Library and its Reference Branch in the Municipal Building caused thoughtfully helpful friends to pile ramparts of books about us which we could not have digested thoroughly in two years. But by taking, gratefully, the guidance of the City History Club's "Landmarks of New York," by Dr. A. Everett Peterson, as a constant guide; by reading the Lamb and Rensselaer histories of New York and the Jenkins History of the Bronx, the Pierce History of Harlem, the Stiles History of Brooklyn, and others; by consultation with Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society and Henry Collins Brown of the New York History Museum and by constant use of the Iconography of Manhattan Island of Isaac Newton Phelps Stokes; by use of the books of Charles Hemstreet and the group who produced the Half Moon Series and by index reference to a mass of other material, it was possible to suggest the changes which 316 years have brought about at the mouth of "Hudson's River."

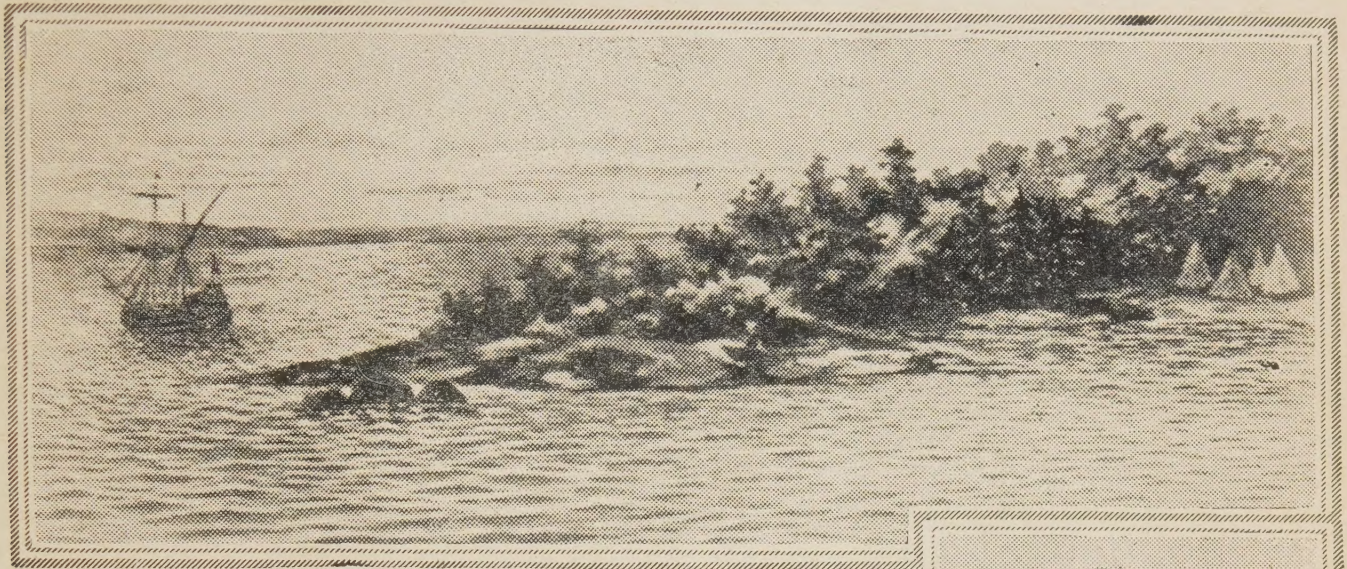
Particular thanks are due to the friends of The Evening World who have advised us of some of the errors of misinformation and omission, which have been corrected in this publication.

L. D.

M. F.

Villages Within New York City

How the Biggest Town in the World Was Made
Out of Little Ones



(From "Historic New York" (the Half Moon Papers), published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A SKETCH OF "THE MANHATTES," OFF THE MODERN BATTERY, AS IT WAS IN SEPTEMBER, 1609, WHEN HUDSON CAME, AND AS VERRAZANO SAW IT EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE HUDSON.

DISCOVERY OF NEW YORK AND ITS HARBOR

HENRY HUDSON (his name was Henry or Henrie and not "Hendrik," an appellation fastened upon him by his Dutch employers) was not the first visitor from Europe to sail into New York Bay when he adventured here in 1609. Where is now this gigantic mass of steel, cement, masonry and brick which covers, at a slap dash computation, an area of 330 square miles, reaching hundreds of feet below sea level and hundreds of feet above it, was then a tangled wilderness.

Where now are the dwellings of 6,000,000 people under one city Government and another 1,000,000 earning their living in it, with homes on its outskirts, there were then a few scattered villages of red Indians who lived on fish, wild fowl and deer and who, in summer, strung oysters to dry on gut tendons for their winter food supply when the brooks and rivers froze.

The early history of New York City is misty, almost legendary. One who studies it is bewildered by the mass of

broken information which he must set in order. In the New York City history section of the Public Library Isaac Newton Phelps Stokes, whose work, the "Iconography of Manhattan Island," is the one adequate history of the city, found when he started his book 10,000 titles under which he must read. He learned that G. M. Asher, a predecessor in research, writing an essay on the period of the Dutch rule of Manhattan, had gone through 7,000 pamphlets in the Royal Library at The Hague, 7,000 in the Thysiana Library, 3,000 at Leyden and "many other manuscripts and printed authorities."

ITALIAN FIRST VISITOR

Yet with all this material it has only recently been established in the opinion of modern scientific historians that Giovanni da Verrazano, an Italian in the employ of Francis I. of France, was the first visitor in the beautiful New York Bays which have been the outer and inner gateways—more than any others on our coasts—by which the Old World entered the New World.

There is a casual legend that Amer-



GIOVANNI DA VERRAZANO, WHO
FOUND NEW YORK HARBOR
IN 1525.

igo Vespucci found his way into the harbor on his first voyage, working his way north from Brazil. It is not strongly supported.

But it seems quite sure that Giovanni da Verrazano, hired by Francis I. of France on the interminably impossible job of Europe's monarchs of discovering a short cut to "the Indies"

free from the blockade thrown across the sea trails to the East by the sinful Turks, anchored his vessel, the Dauphine, off Governor's Island in 1524 and with a small boat or boats worked his way as far north as the mouth of the Mohawk.

Da Verrazano reported to his master that he found "a very agreeable situation within two small prominent hills" (the author of the Iconography says these were the hills overlooking our Narrows) "in the midst of which flowed to the sea a very great river which was deep within the mouth." He found along the shores "natives clothed with the feathers of birds of various colors." This bay was, according to his report, between the fortieth and forty-first parallels of latitude. The natives greeted the Dauphine with noisy admiration, and vast numbers of them came off the beaches in small craft to gratify their curiosity about the white men (who must have been tanned almost to the color of the redskins after their voyage).

SEVERAL AHEAD OF HUDSON

Estevan Gomez, described by the late Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer as a deserting pilot from Magellan's expedition to Patagonia, reported to Charles V. of Spain, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, who had hired him for the usual middle age job of finding that Northeast Passage, that in the spring of 1525 he had entered a bay on the coast of the North continent in which there was a great island which students believe to have been New York Bay and Manhattan.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer and others hazard the belief that there were several other voyagers, Spanish, Portuguese, French and Dutch, who found their way in over the sea path which runs by the way of the Ambrose Channel of to-day and groped their way up the Hudson to the Mohawk Valley.

But Hudson, though not the first visitor, was in truth the discoverer. Certainly it was Hudson, employed in the service of the Dutch East India Company, who took back the attractive reports of the opportunities for fur trading and farming along the banks of the great river to which his name was given immediately after his sailors set him adrift to perish in Hudson's Bay — if not before — and inspired both the Dutch and the English in their ambition to control colonies here.

MAP CHANGED SINCE THEN

It was a very different land to which Hudson came from that which we now know. It strains the imagination to realize how different it was.

Its very shape was entirely different. When one first glances at the maps which Mr. Stokes has collected here and abroad the feeling is that the early Dutch and English were unspeakably careless map makers. And then as the student reads the text of the documents and descriptions gathered from thousands of sources it grows upon him that where is now the Battery were then rocky reefs, of which Governor's Island was the outer. The waters of the Bay came nearly to Bowling Green. Pearl Street was the east waterfront, and the west waterfront was far behind the pier line of to-day.

The site that was to be New York was not different when Hudson surveyed it than it was when Verrazano sailed in between "the small prominent hills." The natives were less cordial to strangers than Verrazano found them. Hudson traded with them perhaps on Staten Island, perhaps at Sandy Hook, perhaps at the trading station which afterward existed under the shadows of Washington Heights. But his party was attacked at Staten Island or at Sandy Hook, and one of his sailors, an Irishman named Coleman, was shot through the throat by an arrow and died and was buried on Sandy Hook, the first white man to lie in a New York grave.

Hudson's crew was mutinous and refused to take his vessel, the Halve Maan, back to Holland. He landed in England, and the Government forbade him to go to Holland or send any of his crew there. Released from custody in June, 1610, Hudson sent his reports to his employers; they have been lost and only hearsay accounts of them exist. No signature of Hudson exists and no authentic portrait.

A quaintly written article in the Half Moon Series of the New York City History Club by George Everitt Hill and the late Street Cleaning Commissioner George E. Waring jr., called "Old Wells and Water Courses," is accompanied by a map which illustrates how truthfully the early explorers wrote when they described Manhattan Island as well watered. No less than twenty-four streams are traced as starting in the centre of the Island and emptying into the East River. Thirteen of such brooks ran to the Hudson. In later years their power was used for grist and saw mills until they were filled in or converted into sewers.

The famous Collect Pond or "the Fresh Water," a great pool of which the present site of the Tombs and the Criminal Courts Building is approximately the centre, had outlets to both sides of the Island.

About a hundred years later the taxpayers protested against a plan to make a park around the Collect on the ground that the expense of buying property for a park "so far from the city" was not justified.

New York, or New Amsterdam, when the Dutch ruled, was a little collection of steep roofed houses within the "Fort" where the Custom House now is. Seventy-one years after Hudson's visit the Rev. James Wolley, Chaplain of the British soldiery in New York under Gov. Andros, wrote home of a bear hunt had by him in the orchard of John Robinson between Cedar Street and Maiden Lane. He said he did not attack the bear with a club, according to a letter quoted by Alice Morse Earle in the Half Moon Series, but "prudently despatched a youth after him with a club." The youth pounded the bear's toes with the club, and the bear fell out of the tree "grumbling," but the Rev. Wolley had no weapon and his account suggests that the bear escaped.

The Chaplain speaks of the abundant fresh water of Manhattan in his letters, saying that it was blessed because "Nature kindly drains and purgeth it by Fontanels and Issues of running water in its irriguous Valleys." But the time came when the Fresh Water Pond was adjudged a pestilential nuisance and was ordered "filled in with clean earth." Only a few years before it had been so highly esteemed as a fishing place that especial game laws were enacted against the use of nets.

Ten years before Robert Fulton made the Clermont push its way up the Hudson by steam, John Fitch had a steam-propelled twenty-foot boat on Collect Pond which made so much noise some neighbors thought it was a "school of porpoises" come in from the river. The boat was abandoned on the beach of the pond and the woodwork was carried off the next winter by the squatters as fuel.

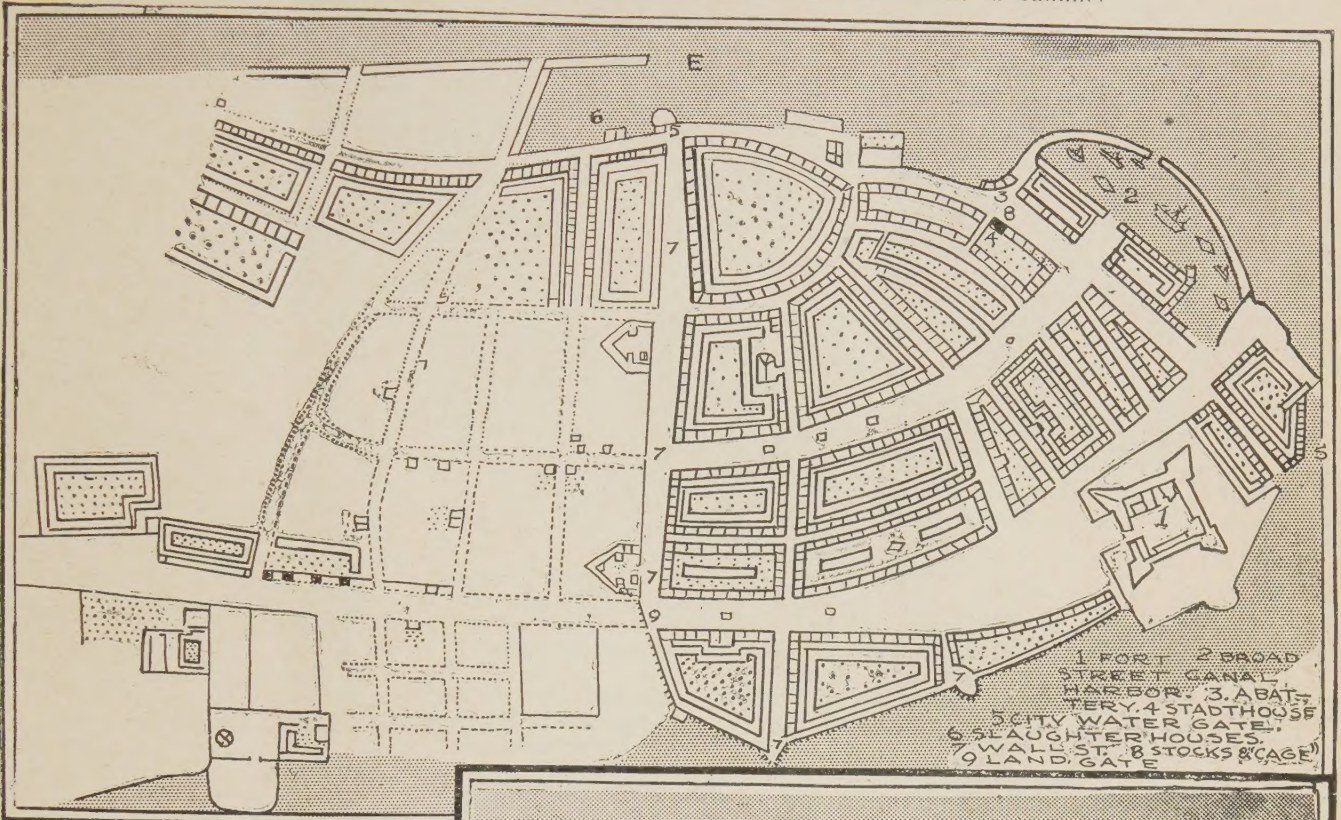
The wholesale leather district east of the City Hall was then literally a morass. The streams which flowed east and west from the Collect ended in swamps. The ground west of what is now Broadway up as far as Greenwich Village, which was to become the "country resort" of the wealthy of the city, was so low and so infested by malarious mosquitoes that there was no growth of the city on that side until there were several villages established along the East River, on both banks and as far out on "Nassau Island" as Flushing. But

there were "English pirates" in Long Island who made forays against the thrifty Dutch of New Amsterdam.

Perhaps the least complimentary estimate of the site which was to be

that of a metropolis was made by Jonas Michaelius, the preacher, in 1628 when he said it was "somewhat less fertile than other spots and causes more trouble because of the multitude

of roots of shrubs and trees. There is a good opportunity for making salt, for there are convenient places, the water is salt and there is no lack of heat in summer "



(From Valentine's Manual.)

MAP OF NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1695, SHOWING THE WALL STREET STOCKADE, THE OLD FORT SOUTH OF THE PRESENT CUSTOM HOUSE, AND THE BROAD STREET CANAL.

NIEUW AMSTERDAM

WHEN Peter Minuet, agent of the Dutch West India Company — whether he were, as later historians have insisted, Dutch, French or German—came about 1625 in command of an expedition which was to establish permanently a colony which would fit in with Henry Hudson's perspective of possibilities, the water line of the city was as Hudson and his predecessors had found it in 1609. It was a rocky, tree grown promontory. The people were a quiet tribe of Indians, "the Manhattes," who complained of the rough and unman-



(From "Historic New York"—Putnam's edition of the Half Moon Papers)

THE STADT HUYS OR STATE HOUSE OF THE FIRST DUTCH VILLAGE OF MANHATTAN ("NIEUW AMSTERDAM") NEAR THE PRESENT OLD SLIP POLICE STATION, NORTH OF WHICH, OUTSIDE THE WALL STREET OUTER STOCKADE, WERE THE SLAUGHTER HOUSES AND IN FRONT OF WHICH WERE THE WHIPPING POST AND THE CRIMINAL CAGE AND THE STOCKS.

nerly behavior of recent visitors who had come to trade with them for furs.

Minuet sent word back to his employers that the settlers had bought the land from the Indians for a price

which he did not comment upon. It is a question whether the goods he traded to them for the whole of Manhattan Island were worth more or less than the \$24 of tradition. It is a question whether the Indians knew that he was actually taking over title to a definite area of their land.

According to the late George E. Waring jr. and G. E. Hill, the Dutch settlers were in some doubt as to whether to make their settlement on the tip of the island or hidden far back on the stream, now the Harlem Ship Canal, which connects Spuyten Duyvil and Long Island Sound.

There were those who felt that inasmuch as parties of traders, English, Scandinavian, Portuguese, Spanish and French, were constantly coming into the harbor, the spirit of competition might drive them to expel or destroy any community which looked like a prominent trading post of another nation. But, according to Col. Waring, the final decision was made because of the gully or ditch which led up into the nose of the island along the present line of Broad Street. The true Dutchman, according to the former Street Cleaning Commissioner, could not be happy without a canal, and the Broad Street ditch seemed to him the most homelike feature of the landscape he had seen since he left Holland.

By the ship *Arms of Amsterdam*, sailing back to Holland in 1626, according to Maud Wilder Goodwin, Minuet reported that his colony had already built thirty log houses with bark roofs, a stone treasury and central house and a building with a grist mill on the ground floor, to be driven by a windmill presumably, and a meeting house on the second floor.

The start had been made of a fort, which was a few hundred feet south of Bowling Green, in the form of a square with one corner pointing north in the direction of Bowling Green and what is now Broadway. South of this fort was a marshy morass ending in rocks called by the Indians the Capske, or a name sounding much the same and spelt differently by almost every authority.

On the Capske many years later was erected Castle Clinton, later Castle Garden and now the Aquarium. It was reached by a bridge from the mainland. The fort and the settlement of private houses around it became a little better establishment, and the North River high water line was recognized as about along Greenwich Street and the low water line at about Washington Street, but from the time it was determined that this space between the high and low water should be filled in and a street established on each side of the filled-in strip it was nearly a hundred years.

Later, the Broad Street Canal was improved by being dug out; the waterway was lined with lumber and frequent bridges crossed it. Both the Dutch and the English who followed them did much fishing from these bridges. The east side water line roughly followed the line of Pearl Street, which was regarded as a waterfront street. A considerable eminence inside the curve of Pearl Street, or Queen Street as most of it was then called, was cut down to extend the east side waterfront along a bulkhead.

Minuet was succeeded by Wouter Van Twiller, Van Twiller by William Kieft, and Kieft by Peter Stuyvesant. There was a constantly increasing fear of attacks by Indians or foreign enemies. The fort itself was not one to inspire confidence. Time and again readers of the collected records find reports that the earth walls and the retaining fences had been rooted up by hogs and torn down by the horns of cattle.

BUTCHERED BY INDIANS

Late in 1643 the Council of Eight Men, who represented the people of the colony, as a check upon the authority of the Governor, sent a memorial to the Noble, High and Mighty Lords, the Noble Lords, the States General of the United Netherlands Provinces. This appeal began:

"We poor inhabitants of New Netherland were here in the spring pursued by these wild heathen and barbarous savages with fire and sword. Daily in our houses and fields have they cruelly murdered men and women with hatchets and tomahawks, struck little children dead in their parents' arms or before their doors, or carried them away into bondage."

The appeal ended: "These heathens are strong in might. They have formed an alliance with seven other nations, are well provided with guns, powder and lead, which they purchased for beaver from the private traders who have had a long time free

range here. The rest they take from our fellow countrymen, whom they murder."

The citizens complained that Kieft spent large sums of the money which might have served to build effective defenses in gratifying his vanity by building ornamental buildings inside the old fort. They were especially incensed when he built a new meeting house on which he put the inscription:

"An Dom—1642

William Kieft Was Director General The Congregation Built This Temple."

This disposition to attach his name to public works—not unknown to officials of later generations of this city—aroused angry comment. The slab on which the words were engraved was not very long afterward thrown on a rubbish heap when the church was rebuilt after being burned.

For further defense of the city a stockade was built from the East River shore on Wall Street almost to tide line on the west side and thence south to the foot of Greenwich Street. Several batteries of cannon were placed along this stockade commanding the approaches from the north. There was a water gate at the East River and Wall Street, commanded by a battery. Just within it for a long time was a Stadt House, near which were the stocks and the whipping post. Just outside, to the north, was the slaughter house.

Notwithstanding the small space inside the stockade which was known first as the town and then as the City of New Amsterdam, there were several breweries within its limits. Col. Waring remarks that the Dominie Bogardus had his home exactly between one of these breweries and his church, an excellent index of his balanced religious and lay tastes. The Stone Street of to-day owes its name to the fussiness of the wife of a brewer, who objected bitterly to the extent to which the dust, stirred up by his drays going to and from the brewery, dirtied her house. As a display of wealth, and to quiet her, he had the street paved with stone at his own expense.

The front of the present Custom House was for a long time the most fashionable residence quarter of New York. It was second in prestige only to the two branches of the street on either side of Bowling Green, the one spot in all New York to-day which is as it has been from the beginning.

Facing from this street, where the Custom House now stands, was the stately mansion used as an official residence by Gov. Stuyvesant and that later house intended to be the site of the home of the President of the United States.



(From Hemstreet's "When Old New York Was Young")
CHATHAM SQUARE AS LATE AS 1812.

THE SWAMP AND CHATHAM SQUARE

THE City of New York grew from the Battery, the Broad Street canal, the slaughter houses just north of the foot of Wall Street on the East River, along the East River rather than up the Hudson.

Fort Orange, the present site of Albany, was established as early if not earlier than New Amsterdam. It was nearer more prolific sources of the fur trade, which was the first reason for the invasion of this area by Europeans in search of business.

But the ground on the North, or Hudson River (sometimes called the Mauritius River), was marshy, with a wide wash between high and low tides between the fort at the Battery and the rocky heights which began in the neighborhood of what is now the West 42d Street ferry.

There were marshes aplenty along the lower east side too. But the mouths of tumbling, sparkling streams from the ridge which was the backbone of Manhattan Island—and though whittled down is still the backbone—made entrances and harbors for small boats and even for barges and ships practical. There were bluffs along the Hudson shore back of the shallow beach which was later to be shoveled out to the water's edge into the made land which is the present waterfront.

The Wall Street palisade was not

destroyed until the British had taken the little town from the Dutch, renamed it New York, lost it again to the Dutch, who had it only for one year, 1673-74, and taken it over again and expanded it. It was Gov. Dongan in 1699 who ordered the wall demolished and the stone from it transported to the site of the new city hall to be built at the head of Broad Street on Wall Street. The revenue derived by the young city from the ferry taxes was also applied to the building of this city hall, which was on just about the spot where the Sub-Treasury now stands.

"The first floor of the new building," the article of Oswald Garrison Villard in the Half Moon Series tells us, "was half taken up by a large corridor which ran through from front to rear, the entrance being by means of a flight of steps. In one room was kept the city fire engine, and there was a dungeon in the rear for all prisoners except debtors, who had special quarters in the garret, there being no special prison in New York until 1759. On the second floor were the court room, the jury room and the Common Council room. In the street stood the 'cage,' the stocks and whipping post."

Many very old prints of the beginnings of New York show a gibbet or gallows as the conspicuous feature of the waterfront and the vicinity of the State House or City Hall. But though the European laws of that period show a long list of crimes punishable by death, there is little to sup-

port the belief that the extreme penalty of hanging had often been carried out on New Amsterdam's criminals.

There is a serio-comic entry in some of the records that one of a group of nine slaves was murdered by his companions; they were all arrested; all were the highly expensive property of the Dutch West India Company sent out at the expense of the Holland monopoly for the development of the resources of the new colony.

DREW LOTS FOR THE NOOSE

The prisoners highly embarrassed the Schout (who was Sheriff, Police Judge, District Attorney and Grand Jury all in one) and the Governor by joining in a general confession that they were all guilty of the murder. There was quite a to-do. The expense sheet of the new colony could ill afford the showing of the destruction of such a number of company owned "blacks." It was at last determined that one should be chosen from the guilty by lot to suffer "one for all."

The lot fell upon Manuel Gerrit, "the giant," the biggest of the whole group, weighing apparently some 300 pounds and 7 feet tall. When he was brought forth to be hanged and his body was dropped from the gibbet his great weight broke the temporary gallows and he fell alive to the ground. A new trial was made, and at the second attempt he broke the noose again. Whereupon the screams and prayers of the women and children who with the rest of the population had come forth to see the show were

such that it was determined to turn him loose.

Slavery was a recognized establishment in early New York. The first slaves brought into the city were apparently captured by a privateer from the slave ship of another nation, perhaps Portuguese. According to Edwin Vernon Morgan in his *Half Moon* monograph, they were captured at sea. They were regarded as lazy and to say the least dishonest, though it is hard to understand why better things should have been expected of them.

The West India Company promised to send more slaves to aid in exploiting the colonies, and did send a few. Some—not very many—were exported from Brazil. A few more were brought direct from Africa. It was not a happy enterprise, this investment in human flesh. It brought on constant uneasiness, sometimes insurrections ending in bloodshed and then reprisals which included torture and public burnings on scanty evidence.

The most stringent rules were made restricting the conduct of slaves. Finally it came about that not more than three slaves were suffered to be in each other's company at one time. No slave was allowed to be out an hour after sunset unless he carried a lantern. No slave might sell anything whatever, not even a mess of "boiled corn." They might not attend the funerals of fellow slaves in a body.

There were instances of Indians being used as slaves. But there is no

record that they submitted supinely to the indignity.

After the partial draining of Beekman's swamp north of the heights through which the brook called the Virgin's Lane—now Maiden Lane—ran down through a pleasant valley to the East River, the tanneries which had been established about the slaughter houses just north of the foot of Wall Street became offensive. Perhaps the young girls who used the flat stones which dotted the tumbling stream for their laundry work objected to the odor of the drying skins.

But at any rate the smelly tanneries were driven north into Beekman's Swamp. Now high and dry above ground, drained and worth hundreds of dollars for every cent per square foot they could have been worth then, this territory is still "the Swamp" of our present city and is the home of the wholesale leather industry, though no living man may remember a tannery in the area. To this vicinity for many years came the broad barges from Flushing and the City of Long Island and even from Brueckelen, bringing cattle for the slaughter houses or hides for the tanneries.

Above the Swamp, in the vicinity of the present Chatham Square, was a hill, thickly wooded. Cows and pigs in the lower city became a nuisance. To turn them loose in the woods in the neighborhood of the Collect Pond, indifferently with its East River outlet called "the Fresh Water," was to risk their theft by the savages or by the white pirates from the Island

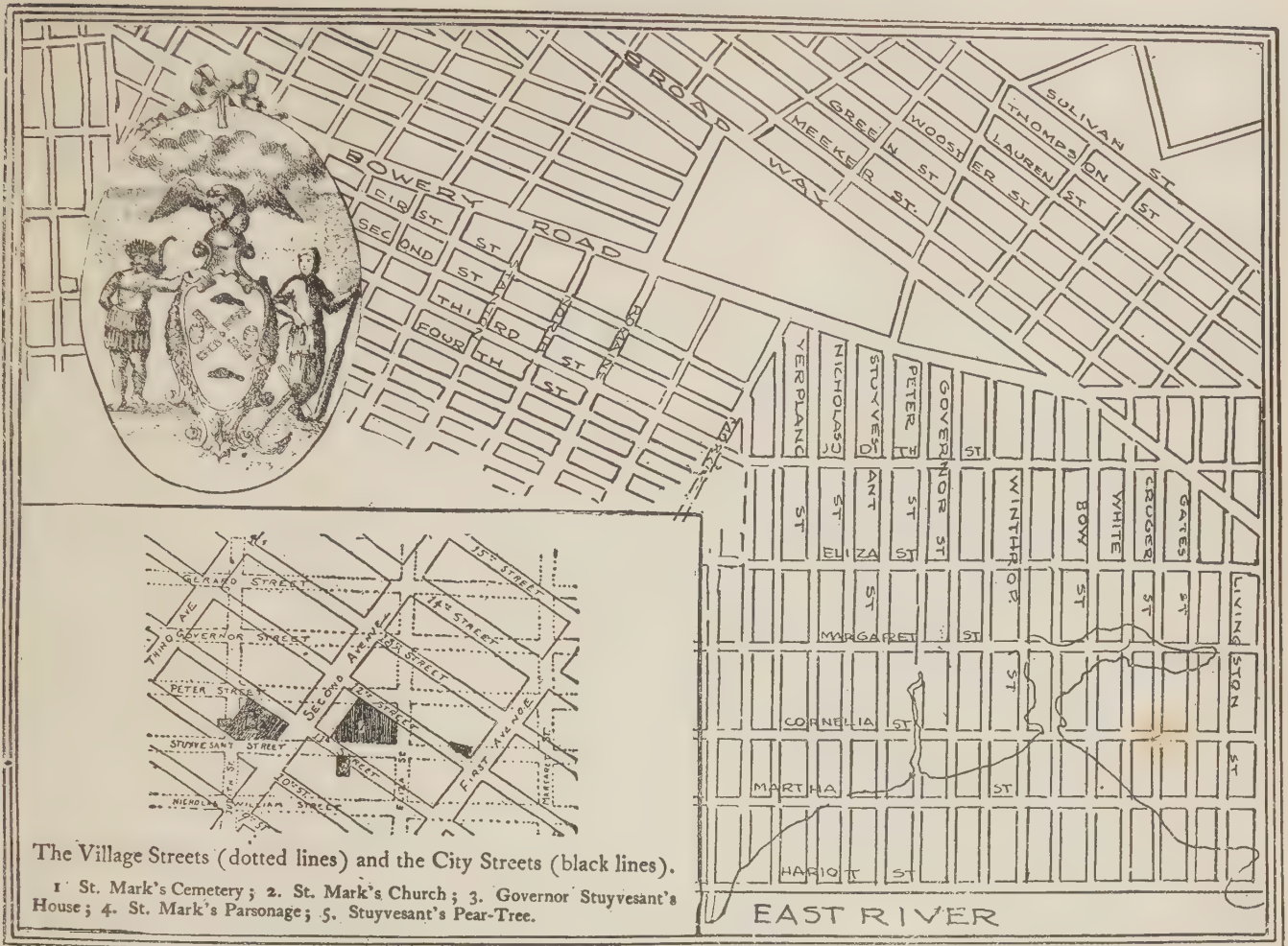
which was sometimes called "Nassau" and sometimes called "Long Island." Wherefore a number of old slaves were set free, without prejudice to the right of the owners or their children to maintain title over the younger generation they still held in possession, to clear and build a corral near this hill where the cattle of the colonists could be held safely at night. At or about the same time the city had a public herdsman who drove the cows to be milked to the front doors of the owners of the cattle in the lower city and by blast of a bugle informed the householder that "his milk was ready." In the morning by the same summons he would collect the cows after the morning milking and take them back to the stockade.

Up to about this time pigs were regarded as the natural scavengers of the town. They were so tolerated even when complaint was made that their rooting and scratching destroyed the earthworks of the Old Fort and the Wall Street stockade. But the time came when they proved a worse nuisance than the garbage they were trusted to consume. Nevertheless in etchings of New York scenes well into the nineteenth century there are few which do not have a pig as a feature of the scene.

The hill itself was cut down. It seems reasonable to believe it was the source of supply of much of the "clean earth" with which the 70-foot deep pond was filled when it became a dumping place for dead animals and offal and was adjudged a nuisance.



EAST RIVER WATERFRONT, 1775.



(Large map and seal from American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, Edward Hagaman Hall, Secretary. Small map from Hemstreet's "When Old New York Was Young.")

PART OF A MAP MADE BY GOERCK AND MANGIN IN 1803, SHOWING BROADWAY, THE BOWERY ROAD. THEIR MEETING AT WHAT IS NOW UNION SQUARE, AND THE VILLAGE LAID OUT BY PETER STUYVESANT IN THE GREAT BOUWERIE. THE SMALLER MAP SHOWS HOW THE CITY PLAN OF 1807 BLOTTED OUT STUYVESANT'S VILLAGE. THE SEAL WHICH IS ATTACHED TO THE 1803 MAP IS ONE OF THE EXPERIMENTAL, SPURIOUS SEALS ATTACHED TO MAPS OF THE PERIOD BY AMBITIOUS DRAFTSMEN WHO HOPED THAT THEIR DESIGNS MIGHT BE ADOPTED PERMANENTLY BY THE CITY.

STUYVESANT'S BOUWERIE

DOWN in the valley which was the resort of the laundresses, Maiden Lane, there was, near the waterfront at Pearl Street, a public market. Maiden Lane was slightly less poetically known as Smith's Valley (in Dutch Smit's Vlei). When the name of the market was spoken by the English who literally "put themselves over" on the Dutch in 1664 by a conquest of moral suasion, this became the Fly Market, the precursor of the present Fulton Market.

Not all the produce sold in this mar-

ket came down the rivers on barges or down the "Road to Bloomingdale" which led up from Bowling Green and the lower Broadway hog and cattle market from the rich fields west of our present Central Park. A great proportion of it came from the six plantations above the comparatively thickly settled village south of Maiden Lane and reaching to the vicinity of 14th Street.

The road from Bowling Green followed the present line of Broadway to the Commons, which is now City Hall Park and the site of the old Post Office building. There it branched. One passed east of the Post Office, between the Commons and a considerable vineyard occupying in

part the triangular space between Park Row, Beekman and Nassau Streets, and continued northeast past the wooded east shore of the once lovely Collect Pond to Chatham Square and then north to Cooper Union.

The path from the Commons as far as Chatham Square was beaten by the trail of the cattle driven daily between the settlement and the stockade at the hill which the Indians called Werpoes and was a watch hill for them, or, as World War veterans would say, an "observation post" or "OP." Here superannuated slaves, as has been told, were made free on condition that they pay to the Government twenty-two and one-half bushels of grain and one fat hog each year and provide a fenced space where

the cattle of the town and the Bouweries could be protected from the Indians and other marauders.

Charles Hemstreet, in his wonderfully effective sentimental revivals, of early New York memories, says that the chief of these freed slaves was Emmanuel De Groot, who had been known in his youth as a giant. Now, it is a queer coincidence that the Negro who broke down the extemporaneous gallows at the Stadt Huys after two attempts to hang him as the scapegoat chosen by lot from among nine Negro murderers was "Manuel Gerrit, the giant."

We have asked several better read and more seasoned readers of New York history than ourselves whether it is possible that the same giant Negro who was spared because of the hysterics of the women and children over his ineffective hanging may not have been in his old age the custodian of the cattle of the Bouweries and the lower city, and none will say he may not have been the same man. For colonial spelling of names can have no surprises of inconsistency for readers of the old records.

Peter Stuyvesant, the just though cranky Governor who turned over New Amsterdam to the British force and went back to Holland and successfully defended his action, occupied, after his return from that ordeal, the Great Bouwerie, which was in the Cooper Union-Stuyvesant Square neighborhood. Long before he died a clearing had been made on both sides of the Bouwerie Lane for open pasturage for cattle.

Under the English rule, there developed more or less steady traffic between New York and New England, all the way to Boston. Some authorities, notably the Hewitt's in their articles in the Half Moon Series assert that this Boston traffic moved up the Bowery to the neighborhood of Union Square and then swung into Broadway to go to the upper end of Manhattan. Others assert that the Bloomingdale Road was almost impassable between the Commons and 14th Street in bad weather. Whether this was at first true, there are landmarks—the few remaining milestones—which show that the Boston Road, after reaching the whorl of streets at St. Mark's, Stuyvesant and Clinton Places, went through Third Avenue to Harlem. But this was probably after Third Avenue was established by the City Plan of 1807.

What is known as the first milestone still stands—or did a few days ago—on the west side of the Bowery nearly opposite Rivington Street. On the Rivington Street corner on the other side was an ancient saloon which survived almost until the Vol-

stead regime, owned for many years by one Hanson. It had the gilded sign "One Mile House." But the book authorities assert that the marking on the stone indicated that it was "two miles from City Hall." It would be presumptuous for any one at this present day to try to decipher scientifically the chipped and worn legend on the stone. If it was indeed the two-mile marker it must have been set in place when our second city hall was standing where the Sub-Treasury Building is now. It is a little more than a mile from the present City Hall. The "second milestone," which is unquestionably a two-mile marker, is in Third Avenue between 16th and 18th Streets and almost exactly two miles from the third or modern City Hall. Just a little below, at Third Avenue and 13th Street, is the spot where for 200 years until 1867 stood Peter Stuyvesant's pear tree, near his stately home, bearing fruit within a few years before it was knocked over by a careless truckman. There is a piece of its trunk in the collection of the New York Historical Society and a branch is preserved in the Stuyvesant High School.

Mr. Edward Hagaman Hall, Secretary of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, is our authority for the information that two entirely distinct sets of milestones were set out along both the Albany and Boston Roads and are worthy of a historical volume all to themselves.

FIRST MANHATTAN FARMERS

To get Dutch farmers to come over and cultivate the Bouweries in order that the fur trading post at the point of Manhattan Island might have a background of agriculture, the West India Company made liberal concessions. The farmer was to have free transportation (one way) for himself and his household; part of his tract was cleared for him, his house and barn, farming tools, four horses, four cows and sheep and pigs were furnished. He was to pay 100 guilders and eighty tubs of butter as rent annually and to return his original stock or its equivalent to the company after six years, keeping the increase.

The stupid and brutal William Keift, by his treatment of the Indians, brought on a guerrilla warfare with the ordinarily peaceful aborigines, who were allied with the Iroquois and had their largest village near the lower end of Sixth Avenue, along Minetta stream, from which there was a trail southeast to the other side of the island. None of the first Bouwerie farmers held on to their homesteads, so far as the records show.

Later, under Stuyvesant and his tactful English successor, Nicolls,

such Indians as did not become friendly were driven off. Stuyvesant, returning as a tenant farmer, lived with great comfort on the Great Bouwerie, the uppermost of the six. Nevertheless there was a flurry with the Indians when a hot-tempered Dutchman shot a squaw for picking his ripe peaches. Stuyvesant ordered all his under farmers to go into the city or to bind themselves into a village. He established a church, an inn and a blacksmith shop as the community centre of the Bouwerie Village. The church as part of his estate was bequeathed to the Dutch Reform denomination by his widow, Judith. On its site now stands St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie.

Charles Hemstreet in his meanderings of historical discovery several years ago discovered the graveyard of the Bouwerie Village walled in among the back yards between Second and Third Streets, the Bowery, and Second Avenue. All traces of the title to the graves have been lost, many of the bodies, some of them of persons of historic names, have been removed.

There was much of interest in the journey through the Bouwerie Lane and Road in the old days. On what was Chatham Street and is now Park Row just east of Baxter Street, was the Tea Water Pump, the water from which was reputed to surpass all other water in the city for the making of tea; water from it was peddled from hogsheads through the lower city. Then not far away was the first of the kissing bridges, across the eastern outlet of the Collect Pond, on which every gentleman accompanied by a lady was traditionally privileged to take toll from her lips. The custom was so favorably regarded that it came to be extended to nearly all bridges over watercourses to the north as the city spread.

The Rev. Dr. Burnaby, a visiting English clergyman, learning of the custom, apparently tested it, for Col. Waring and others record him as writing home that he found it "curious, but not displeasing."

At the lower end of the Bowery was the Bull's Head Tavern, a comfortable but apparently rough-and-ready resort much used by drovers and cattle owners bringing their droves into the city. It was also regarded as a convenient place for those who did not wish to go into the city after dark. Washington actually stayed there as he is reputed to have stayed in nearly every house on Manhattan Island standing during his lifetime.

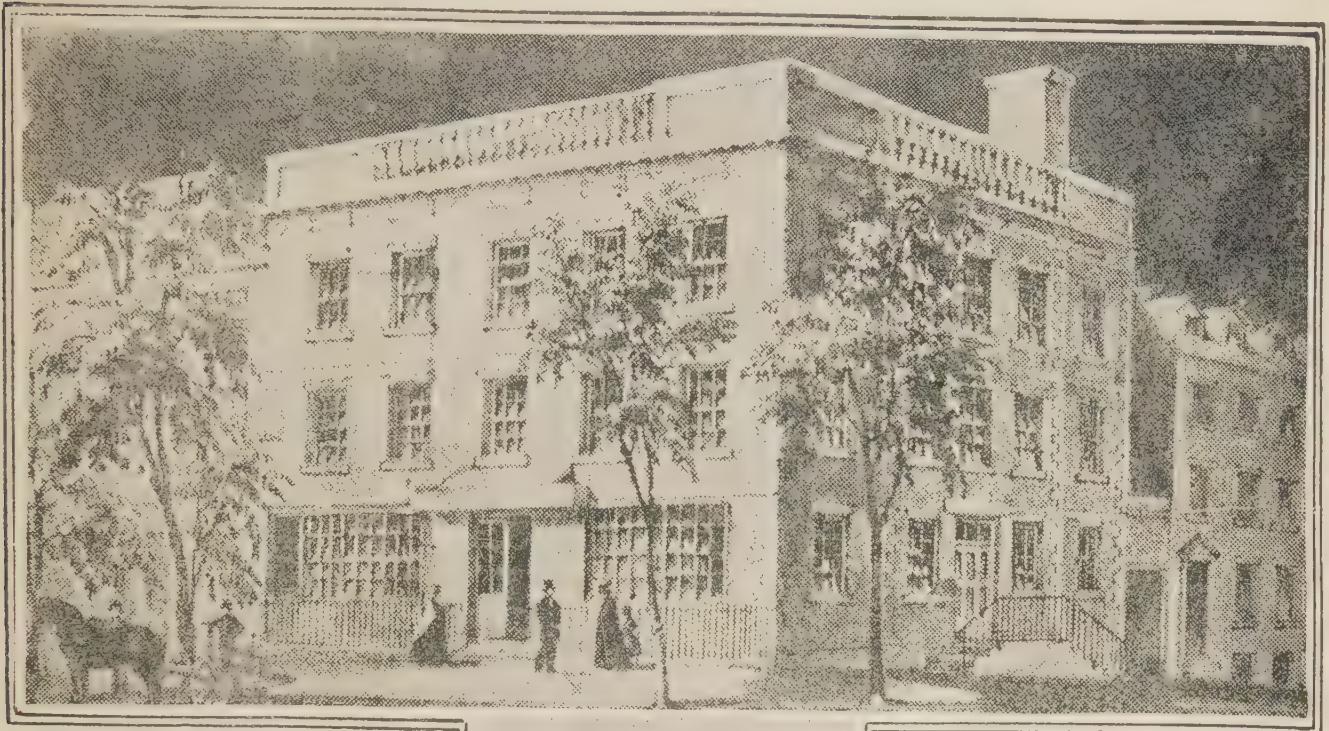
The Bull's Head Inn and also the Golden Hill Tavern on the upper margin of the town at No. 122 William Street, always a resort of sticklers for

the public rights, were probably the scenes of most of the insurrections of protest against the "predatory and unfair business methods of Henry Astor, the Fly Market butcher."

Mr. Astor made it a practice to ride far out the Bouwerie and its northern tributary highways by day and night

and make cash deals with the drivers of incoming herds for their cattle in quantity. He would then dictate the price at which his fellow butchers could buy the cattle or the dressed meat at the slaughter houses. His fellow butchers protested they could not leave their shops unattended to

go on these excursions; to which he replied that they could do it as well as he. He waxed rich but most unpopular. But there was no Federal Trade Commission in that day to curb him. Thus we learn, children, that it was not only in the fur trade that the Astors became

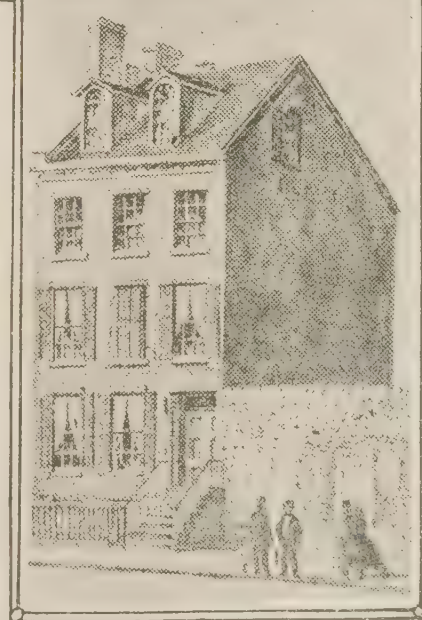


THE NEW YORK RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE MANSION OF WALTER FRANKLIN ON THE TOP OF CHERRY HILL.

THE CHERRY HILL SUBURB AND "DRY DOCK VILLAGE"

THE slope which ends at the foot of Cherry Street where the Sisters of the Christian Doctrine in these days minister to Irish, Greek, Italian, Russian, Turk, Japanese, Pole, Slovak and plain guttersnipe "roughnecks," with equal piety, tenderness of sympathy and humor of human understanding, was once—for a time—the shore front of the most distinguished aristocratic settlement known to New York City.

At the top of this hill, until but a span of two lives ago, was the New York home of George Washington, where the Father of his Country kept his residence until the seat of Government was moved to Philadelphia.



It was called Franklin House; the steward of the establishment was Sam Fraunces, who for many years maintained the Queens Head or

(LEFT) THE HOME AT NO. 7 CHERRY STREET OF SAMUEL LEGGETT, WHO RISKED EQUIPPING IT WITH GAS FIXTURES AND USING THEM TO PROVE TO THE POPULACE THAT THE NEW ILLUMINANT WAS NOT DANGEROUS. A SUPER-SALESMAN OF 1825

Fraunces Tavern in Broad Street, and who is the subject of the oft told tale of his rebuke by Mr. Washington for placing the first shad of the season on the dinner table at a cost which in the legends varies from \$2 to \$5.

"Take it away," the first President is quoted as saying. "Never let it be said that my table has set an example of extravagance and luxury."

There must have been somebody about the house who was not so politic in the appearances of expenditures. Because Fraunces was obliged to advertise in the public journals not long afterward that he alone was responsible for all purchases for the

President's table and paid for them in cash and that no bills contracted for in the President's name would be paid thereafter.

A few years before the Wall Street stockade was torn down and the stone which it contained was dedicated to be part of the material of which was to be built the Government House at Bowling Green, Richard Sacket, a maker of malt for brewers of ale and beer, built an establishment about where the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge crosses the East River pier line at about 5.30 o'clock in the afternoon in late August.

All about his malt house and home, from the water front to the crest of the hill which was and is Pearl Street—further downtown Queen Street, an East River waterfront boulevard—Sacket set out young cherry trees. The students have found no record of other cherry orchards in this country up to that time. "Sacket's foolishness," many of his conservative Dutch farmer neighbors called the enterprise. But the cherry trees flourished, and, after the manner of their kind, in the first spring after their planting were snowy with blossoms.

There were so many visitors to the orchard in the early summer of the following year that Sacket made the place over into a resort. He sold out his malting business and made his home an inn. Tables were set among the trees; on the slope of the hill was built a dancing floor. He leveled a green for bowling which was at least less conspicuous for the contestants than the old Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway had been for many a year.

Sacket's Cherry Gardens held their popularity as against the other open air entertainment spots of the city, the successive Vauxhall Gardens and the rest, for twenty years.

After that the demand of the lawyers and the merchants and the shipping men for homes away from the disturbance of the lower city caused the place to be parted into building lots for the rich such as Walter Franklin.

There have been those who thought

that Franklin Square, a book publishing centre many years later, took its name from Walter Franklin and his mansion. But the general verdict of history students is that it was one of the many spots named in honor of Benjamin Franklin, diplomat, scientist, philosopher and publisher in the days when his fellow citizens realized suddenly what his service to them had been.

The President's house built by Walter Franklin is thus described by Charles Hemstreet: "Three stories of brick brought from Holland, with small paned windows; its main entrance led to by half a dozen stairs on either side of a small porch; its doorway fitted with a heavy knocker of brass." Mr. Hemstreet says it was later used as a banking house and then became incorporated in the honeycombed tenement structures which made the slope almost a solid mass of teeming dwellings as it is today—though there are here and there little gabled roof houses between the bridge and the House of the Sisters which have the colonial framed doors of a century and a half and two centuries ago. When the house was torn down an unnamed antiquary was sentimental enough and thoughtful enough to save some of the wood and have it made into a chair which is in the custody of the New York Historical Society.

There was a house of richer materials and more showy appointments close by the site of the Franklin House. It was called the Walton House and when part of Pearl Street was Queen Street stood where No. 236 Pearl Street is now. Walton was a wealthy merchant who made a point of entertaining with some ostentation prominent visitors from England. At a time when William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was battling for better conditions for the colonists in Parliament and supporting with his eloquence their pleas for lower taxes as a means to better living, a member rose in his seat in Parliament and said that such cause for complaint existed only in the imagination; that in the home of Mr. Walton in New York he had seen a display of plate and a style of extravagant living that would have been quite suited to the establishment of a person of the English nobility.

FIRST TO USE GAS

In Cherry Hill was the first New York home to be lighted with gas. The people of the city were suspicious of the prospectus of the company offering the new means of illumination brought through pipes. The home of Samuel Leggett, the President of the

gas company, was at No. 7 Cherry Street; to prove that there was no danger of fire or explosion in the use of illuminating gas he had his home fitted with the pipes and burners first of all. The constabulary had hard work keeping the crowds before the house moving during the demonstration, which continued several days.

The first American flag with the number of stripes limited to those of the thirteen colonies and the number of the stars in the blue field increased according to the number of new States admitted, was made by the wife of Capt. Samuel C. Reid, U. S. N., in his home No. 27 Cherry Street, in 1818, and was accepted by the Congress a few weeks later.

From the earliest times there were shipyards at the mouths of the creeks which emptied into the East River. There were shipyards at the outer edge of a marsh on Crown Point or Corlears Hook, south of Henry Street, near Jefferson Street. Then as far as Rivington Street there was high ground on which many of the shipyard workers lived. For more than a mile north of Rivington Street was salt marsh, fine snipe hunting ground, but good for little else until it was drained.

But near the present foot of East Houston Street there was a bit of high ground. At high tide it was entirely surrounded by water. The Indians are said to have had a temporary camping station on it where they could rest overnight when on fishing or oyster gathering excursions. Like the big island of which it was a part at low tide it was called "Manhatoes," which seems to have been the Saponikan-Iroquois word for "home" or "resting place." But after the Indians had gone, and it was the home of ship builders on the lower reaches of the salt meadows which bordered Stuyvesants "Big Bouwerie," it was known as "Manhattan Island," and the dwellers in it with unconscious comicality resented any confusion between it and the "Island of Manhattan." There is to-day a memorial of it in a tiny street, running from East Houston Street to East Third Street, near the river front which bears officially the name Manhattan Street, despite the existence of a far more important street with the same name in West Harlem.

"Manhattan Island" in later years became "Dry Dock Village," a name preserved now only in the corporate title of a savings bank and minor street railroad.



(From the Crimmins Collection.)

ROADHOUSE ON BROADWAY ROUTE TO GREENWICH AT BRIDGE OVER CANAL FROM COLLECT POND—1800.

GREENWICH VILLAGE; LAST OUTPOST OF THE OLD CITY

THERE were two roads from the old City of New York (which ended at the Commons, where the Sons of Liberty were in constant brawls with the red-coated minions of the British King) to Greenwich Farms or Greenwich Village.

One which was the more used at first was a road following the Hudson shore along the line of Greenwich Street. The river bank was low and wet and the roadbed was a raised causeway over the Lispenard Swamp and the outlet of Minetta Brook.

The other is described by some writers as "The Inland Road to Greenwich," a crosstown highway. Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society is our authority for saying it was really called the Sand Hill Road.

To reach Greenwich by the Sand Hill Road one went on the Road to Bloomingdale (Broadway) or the

Bowery Lane as far as Astor Place. The course of the Sand Hill Road followed Astor Place across Broadway to the eastern side of Washington Park, which was later used for the burial of the pauper dead, crossed the park in a northwesterly meandering line partly within the limits of Waverly Place to Minetta Water, which it encountered at about Fifth Avenue and the present northern boundary of the park. This part of the road afterward was called Art Street before the City Plan Commission of 1807 devastated all previous plans of the city above Houston Street and Greenwich Village for the general good.

EARLY PLANNING OF CITY

One who wants to know just where the city changed from its old haphazard growth to the plan which it followed for more than a century when it was built up to the northernmost end of Harlem has only to look at a modern map. North of Houston Street going east at about Eighth Street and then northeast from Christopher and Greenwich Avenue to

the Fourteenth Street ferry there is not as much regularity in the lanes and highways as there is in the strands of a spider's web built in an irregular corner. Everywhere north of these limits the streets are laid out almost without exception in a grid-iron pattern. The lower is the Old City of Colonial Days; the upper is the New City whose architects, in humorous self deprecation, remarked that they were laying out space for the homes of more people than there were anywhere in the world outside of China.

There is a pretty story about these City Plan Commissioners, Gouverneur Morris, Simeon DeWitt and John Rutherford, though there is no documentary evidence to support it. One finds the legend everywhere except in that beautifully accurate historical monument of Isaac Newton Phelps Stokes, "The Iconology of Manhattan Island." Mr. Stokes put nothing in his five great volumes which he cannot back with maps or contemporary documents.

The tale as one finds it running through the sketches and even some of the histories is that the honorable Commissioners had wearied themselves nearly to distraction to discover a way of harmonizing the crazy-quilt design of the downtown streets with any plan to be used in the uninhabited and sparsely inhabited regions. They had studied the plans of many European cities. According to some chroniclers one or two of them had visited Europe at their own expense.

They had an engineer, Mr. John Randall jr., whose letters tell entertainingly of his long walk from his home in the city across the Lispenard marsh, crossing the western canal from the Collect Pond and Minetta Brook to the offices of the commission in Greenwich. He tells of seeing Thomas Paine sitting at the window of his home in Herring Street (now Bleecker), a broken old man. But in none of Mr. Randall's journals or letters is there any mention of the legendary inspiration for the decision of the commission.

The commission was in a group at the north edge of Union Square, according to the story. The sky was overcast. Out of patience with each other and themselves the members of the commission were watching a laborer pitch shovels full of building sand at a tall sieve. The sun came out. Across the ridges and hollows of the sandpile back of the sieve fell a gridiron pattern in shadow, with a line made by a heavy central wire up the middle and occasional diagonals made by brace wires.

"Gentlemen," said one of the commission, according to the legend, "there is our plan for the future New York"—and they straightway went back to their Greenwich office and put it on paper and named the streets and it was adopted by the Council in 1811. It is one of those stories which should be true, even though it may not be.

The exact boundaries of Greenwich as they were when it was an independent village are uncertain and in dispute. Those who would consider the old boundaries as the same as

those of the old Ninth Ward from Houston Street to 14th west of Sixth Avenue are not far wrong.

But these boundaries did not exist when the first New Yorkers to establish themselves in country homes began crowding the kindly and gentle Indians away from Saponikan, their village on the breeze swept, sweet-grass covered hill midway between Sixth Avenue and the Hudson on 11th Street.

The eastern boundary of Greenwich Village was more exactly the bed of Minetta stream from the source of its west branch east of Sixth Avenue between 15th and 16th Streets to the junction with the east branch in the middle of the block bounded by 11th and 12th Streets and Fifth Avenue and Sixth Avenue to the front of the present Brevoort Hotel at Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street, diagonally southwest across Washington Square to Minetta Lane, which was once part of the bed of the brook, and then to the North River between Charlton and West Houston Streets.

There was a stratum of fifty feet of sand under a healthful surface soil in this district. The surface was gently rolling. There was a considerable eminence to the south of Minetta stream near the Hudson. This was Richmond Hill. The hill was the property of many distinguished Americans. Gen. Washington used it for a brief time as his headquarters. When he returned to New York as President he went to Cherry Hill. Vice President Adams lived on Richmond Hill. Of the estate, Mrs. Adams wrote that "nature has so lavishly displayed her beauties she has scarcely left anything for her handmaid, art, to perform."

HOME OF BURR

Aaron Burr, who became the owner of the place in 1797, knew better than Mrs. Adams. He built a great gateway at the entrance at Macdougall and Spring Streets and created an artificial pond where he gave skating parties to his own friends and those of his unhappy daughter Theodosia. Counsellor Benson is said to have been the last tenant of the house as a pri-

vate home. Under the city plan the hill was ordered cut down to build up the swamps. The house was shored up while the hill was cut away and then eased to the new level and became a somewhat promiscuous inn. Later the place was a circus lot. Burr is reputed to have lost the place by foreclosure of a mortgage to John Jacob Astor.

But in the intervening years Greenwich Village was to New Amsterdam and the old City of New York what Nassau County and certain parts of Westchester County are to New York to-day. Only the wealthy could afford to live in Greenwich, for there was little public transportation. The homes had lovely gardens. The heavily perfumed scent of the sweet grass, which was the subject of comment of Hudson's crew, hung in its air until it actually became a part of the crowded city which advanced upon it from south and east.

There were many roadhouses along its ways. There were some between the sand diggings which were established along the Sand Hill Road. Mme. Sarah Knight of Boston, visiting sprightly friends in Manhattan in 1768, could not keep a touch of scandal out of her letters home regarding the doings on the road to Greenwich. The sleigh riding was excellent and she was embarrassed by the superfluity of wines and liquors placed before her. Of one experience she wrote:

"We met fifty or sixty slays that day: they fly with great swiftness and some are so furious they'll turn out of their way for none but a laden cart."

There were no traffic police with "tickets" along the road in 1768. The speed fiend had things his own way.

Those who are interested in visiting for themselves some of the spots mentioned in this series—and many others—and in reading the tablets which have been set up to record the historical importance of various neighborhoods will find very useful "The Landmarks of New York," by Dr. A. Everett Peterson, published by the City History Club of New York.



(Sketch from Harper's Weekly.)

THE FIRST NINTH AVENUE ELEVATED IN GREENWICH STREET

HOW THE CITY SWALLOWED GREENWICH VILLAGE

IT is sad to relate that Greenwich Village furnishes New York with its first example of out and out greedy misuse of official power for the enrichment of the official. Mr. Janvier goes so far as to declare that Wouter Van Twiller, second Dutch Governor, "boodled" the two best of the six great farms or Bouweries which were intended by the governors of the West India Company to attract permanent colonists to safeguard the New Netherland trading post at the end of Manhattan Island.

Elizabeth Bisland in her paper on Old Greenwich in the Half Moon Series is hardly less considerate in her description of Van Twiller, who had a reputation for avaricious greed on two continents. She speaks of his occupation of the finer of the farms the

Bossen Bouwerie ("Farm in the Woods") as "questionable," because he "without undue ostentation transferred the title of the Bossen Bouwerie to himself and immediately set about turning it into a tobacco farm." She acknowledges, however, that "whatever may be thought of Van Twiller's honesty, his judgment as an agriculturist was unimpeachable."

DUTCH RUM FOR INDIANS

The Indians had apparently already moved away from Saponikan (one has his choice of twenty spellings all the way to Topincan) or else were so inconspicuous and quiet that they did not interfere with Van Twiller's enterprise sufficiently for him or his contemporaries to make note of them in any papers now extant. For a hundred years commentators have made the sinister suggestion that they were destroyed by judicious distribution to them of bad Dutch rum—a method

certainly less expensive than by warring openly on them and bringing down on the colony the tribes of Westchester and Long Island in murderous forays.

The tobacco grown on the farm while Van Twiller had it was regarded as the best exported from New Amsterdam and made a trade name for itself in Holland so that the West India Company, in 1638, appointed inspectors to see that the wily Van Twiller did not permit its quality to run down or its quantity to be increased by additions of inferior tobacco from other farms. Whoever took title to the farm after Wouter Van Twiller was recalled home to answer for his devious governmental ways did not hold it long, though the homes of his farmers and his slave barracks were really the first community in the island which was completely out of touch with the "City."

The English took to the natural beauty of the Zandtberg sand hills instinctively. The little homes like those of an English village were surrounded by hedges. But it was the coming of Sir Peter Warren, Vice Admiral of the British Navy, which fixed its status as an abiding place of the aristocratic.

When a naval captain, Sir Peter Warren had married Susannah, the daughter of Stephen Delancey, the New York shipping agent through whom he had sold the French prizes sent into New York from the high seas by him for condemnation. He bought in three hundred acres of the Greenwich shore of the Hudson; the city added many acres more as a gift in recognition of the sailor's services to the colonies at the Battle of Louis-berg.

EARLY CHARM OF VILLAGE

The Warren house faced the river, The great front porch had a view which included the Weehawken Heights and the sweep of the New Jersey waterfront, then without smoke or smell or clutter of shipping, clear to the Kills and Staten Island. The grounds were parked like those of a British ancestral seat. The box hedge which surrounded the house—or part of it—was still one of the sights of the village half way through the nineteenth century.

Time has never quite wiped out the first charm of Greenwich Village. One who has Dr. Peterson's guidebook, "Landmarks of Old New York," in hand can still find a few traces of the original village. For instance, a part of the wall of the building which was the Beadleston and Woerz Brewery, above Christopher Street, on the river's edge, is part of the wall of the predecessor of Sing Sing Prison. In Beach Street, in King Street, in Charlton Street are still carved doorways with leaded lights and hand-hammered railings of front steps which tell of the quaint beauty of the village when it was turning from a struggling country town into a little city.

So far as the writers know, the last traces of the Warren place disappeared more than fifty years ago. Sir Peter Warren's daughters were the Countess of Abingdon and the Baroness Southampton (the Baron's name was Charles Fitzroy), and the youngest daughter, the wife of Col. Skinner. For a while a part of Christopher

Street was called Skinner Road; there was a Fitzroy Road, which followed about the present line of Eighth Avenue from 14th Street to 42d Street, and the name of which has been revived by the New York Telephone Company as that of a central exchange.

There was an Abingdon Road on the line of West 21st Street; the name was afterward, in the days of disesteem for all things British, changed to Love Lane; but the name survives at Abingdon Square at the very foot of Eighth Avenue.

TRACES OF OLD STREETS

The conventional "Drive to Greenwich" was through either Broadway or the Bowery to Sand Hill Road and up Greenwich Avenue to about 15th Street where stood the obelisk, the monument to the memory of Wolfe's heroism at Quebec. The monument vanished during the Revolution, and every effort to find out what became of it and why has been futile.

Another trace of the old line of streets, altered by the putting into effect of the rulings of the City Plan Commission of 1807, is still to be seen in West Eleventh Street near Sixth Avenue, where the new arrangement of streets cut across the cemetery of the Jewish Congregation Sharith Israel, the second cemetery for the Jews which was opened when the Beth Haim south of Chatham Square was closed about 125 years ago.

Then, there is Milligan Place, a little blind alley opening north of Jefferson Market Prison, once regarded as the entrance to pitifully scrawny tenements but now eagerly sought by those who have joyfully followed the lure of the later recrudescence of Greenwich Village as the abiding place of those who want to be considered artists—whether they are or not—and who would rather be considered eccentric than efficient.

The commercial need for space in the vicinity of the old Greenwich nowadays does not call for the display of signs advertising leaseholds for long terms. But every New Yorker who once in a while sought the good cooking and kindly ministrations of the Pause family in the Old Farm Restaurant in University Place near 11th Street—it is still there, though its merry atmosphere was depressed by Volstead—remembers passing sign after sign indicating that the land was held by the Sailor's Snug Harbor, which maintains a great establishment for superannuated seamen at Staten Island.

Robert Richard Randall, a retired privateer and merchant, died in 1801. Before 1790 he had bought the Eliot estate for about \$25,000. It was twenty-one acres of land "in Greenwich Village" north of Broadway to the eastern side of Fifth Avenue. The Marine Society, of which Capt. Randall was one of the founders, was limited to a fund of \$15,000.

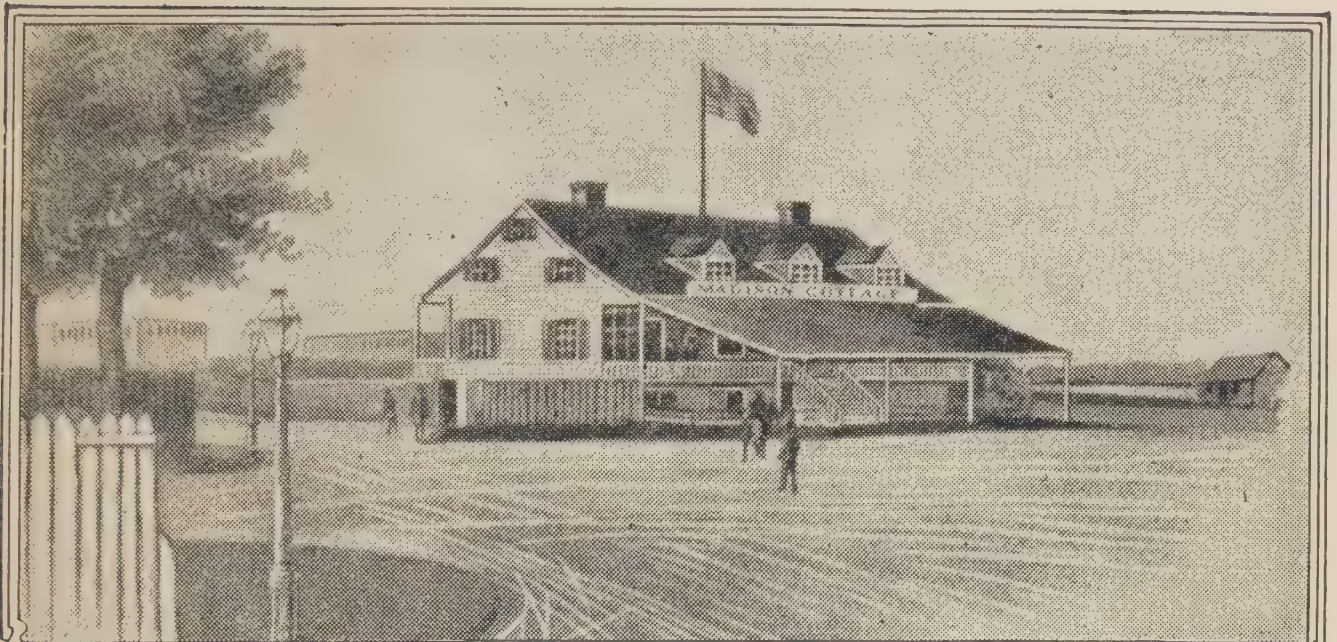
The Captain formed a trust of city officials and clergymen to "receive rents, issues and profits thereof" to found a Sailor's Snug Harbor. A charter was issued after much litigation between the trustees and his family in 1831. The income of the property was then but a little over \$40,000. It is now well up between half a million and a million dollars a year and constantly mounting. Thus it is that for blocks and blocks across the city north of a line drawn from Cooper Union to University Place the dwellers pay tribute to this day to the kindly foresight of Capt. Randall for his less fortunate brothers of the sea.

Almost the last chapter of the Old Greenwich Village was written editorially in the Commercial Advertiser in 1825:

"Greenwich is no longer a country village. Such has been the growth of our city that the building of one block more will completely connect the two places; and in three years' time, at the rate buildings have been everywhere erected during the last season, Greenwich will be known only as a part of the city and the suburbs will be beyond it."

Just how the inevitable result was hastened by the smallpox and yellow fever epidemics of 1739, 1742, 1743, 1798 and the continuing years until 1822 we may never know. The whole city moved to Greenwich, living in tents and shacks in some of these years, leaving the lower end of Manhattan to slaves and the helplessly poor. Smallpox sometimes crossed north over Minetta Water, but apparently the yellow fever mosquitoes were stopped there. Many of those who went to the Village as refugees never returned to their downtown homes, and so the Village grew by jumps and starts all out of proportion to its commercial and industrial importance.

The final outward and visible symbol of its union with the enveloping City of New York was the appearance in Greenwich Street of the first Ninth Avenue Elevated on which the little cars were pulled by cables and a mere turning of the stub ends of the rails at the terminals provided sufficient bumpers to prevent an accidental tumbling of the passengers to the street.

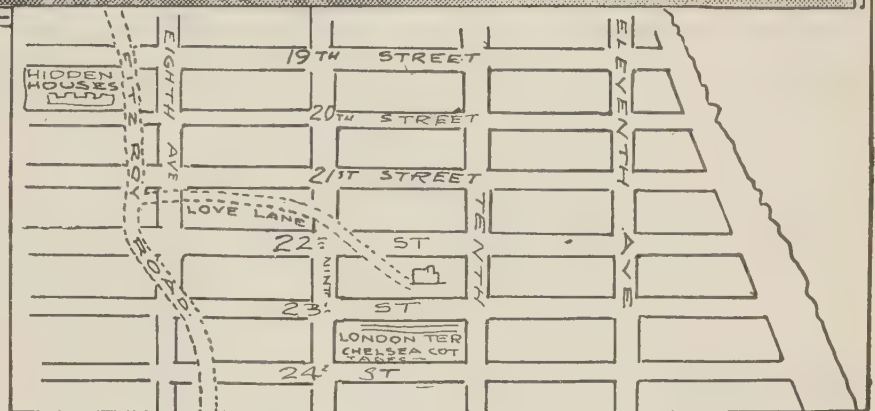


CORPORAL THOMPSON'S
"MADISON COTTAGE," AFTER-
WARD SITE OF FRANCONI'S
HIPPODROME, THE FIFTH AVENUE
HOTEL, AND NOW OF AN
OFFICE BUILDING

CHELSEA

MORE than to any other man, Chelsea owes such quaintness and quiet village charm as still remain with it to the kindly and learned professor of the General Theological Seminary and Columbia College who wrote "'Twas the Night Before Christmas, and All Through the House"—. He was Dr. Clement C. Moore, the son of Bishop Benjamin Moore, who inherited the Chelsea farms, established by his father-in-law, Capt. Thomas Clarke, a veteran of the French and Indian Wars, who bought a great tract "three miles north of New York City" on the sloping bank of the Hudson, whose shore was then where 10th Avenue is now.

Capt. Clarke called the place Chelsea after the English veterans' hospital and old soldiers' home in which many of his comrades were spending their last days, passing the time by relating the stories of their battles and arguing over them. The Captain was wealthy and built himself a fine mansion on the site where such as re-



HEMSTREET'S SKETCH MAP OF CHELSEA

mains of the Old London Terrace now is. There was quite a hill there then and, like the other mansions built by wealthy colonials who believed that these homes and the gardens around them would remain unchanged for centuries, the house was planned to overlook the Hudson and the thickly wooded New Jersey shore.

Capt. Clarke was stricken with illness which kept him in his bed almost as soon as he moved into the mansion. Then the house caught fire and burned to the ground. Capt. Clarke was rescued from the fire but died a few days later at the home of a friend.

His widow, Mollie, a spirited and forceful woman, as she was to prove when she stood her ground in her home, a Tory and proud of it, through the Revolution, built a new house, a

low, square, two-story building, on the crest of the hill, 200 feet west of Ninth Avenue, on the present line of 23d Street.

OBJECTED TO SOLDIERS

A company of Continental soldiers was billeted on the widow at the outset of the Revolution. It was a very short time before Mrs. Clarke established grounds, to her own satisfaction, for objecting to their conduct and their presence. She went straight over the head of the company commander, his Colonel and his Brigadier; she sent word to Gen. George Washington, commanding, that she would like him to show good cause why the quiet home of a widow and two daughters should be infested by his uniformed loutish varlets.

As modern historians are constantly

impressing on us, Gen. Washington had humor and real kindness as well as stiff courtesy, and he called his escort and galloped with them, clattering and jingling, out the road to Bloomingdale, to Fitzroy Road, and west at what is now 21st Street through Love Lane, a winding road which led, as Mr. Charles Hemstreet's map shows, to the Clarke home. The memory of his staff was that she received the great man as coldly as though he had been a messenger sergeant but that he was so gracious and so considerate in receiving her complaints that she invited him and the staff into her parlor, where she accepted from him in full smiling good faith his promise that the soldiers should not annoy her again, though it might be necessary to have some of them about the farm.

Madame Clarke was by no means reconciled to Washington's cause, however, for when a British man of war in the Hudson knocked a hole through the roof she flounced out at a squad of soldiers who were inclined to be mirthful over the matter and said to them, says Mr. Hemstreet: "I have you to thank for that!" meaning that if they had not been billeted there the farm would not have been fired upon.

GREW IRREGULARLY

The village of Chelsea grew irregularly about the house of Madame Clarke. She willed all of the farm between 19th and 24th Streets west of Eighth Avenue to her son-in-law, Bishop Benjamin Moore, for thirty-seven years rector of Trinity Parish, President of Columbia College in 1801 for ten years. It was Bishop Moore who ministered to Alexander Hamilton, dying of the wound he had from Aaron Burr on the Weehawken duelling ground.

The Bishop left the house to his son Clement, who lived in it until it was razed ten years before the professor's death, in 1863. Clement C. Moore added considerably to the holdings bequeathed to him by his father. He was a man of many interests. The one bit of verse of his writing

which lived was found on his library desk by a young girl who copied it without his permission and sent it to the Troy Sentinel for publication. He had written it for the amusement of the children of the household.

Between the Moore home and the northward thrust of city population and houses set wall to wall, was a fenced orchard. This field Mr. Moore gave to the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church and the erection of the seminary buildings on it joined the little village to the city. The village grew rapidly more dense about Chelsea Square. Professor Moore insisted that the streets be laid out according to the gridiron plan of the City Commission of 1807, though the houses were far from the straight-fronted uniform block brownstone and brick houses of the city which came over to meet them and surround them. They had front gardens and not mere patches of lawn.

DISINTEGRATION RAPID

There is very little left, except here and there one of the seminary buildings or a trace of the long rows of houses which Mr. Moore built along 23d Street and 24th Street and called London Terrace and Chelsea Cottages. Though Dr. Moore died in 1863 his estate was not settled until 1902. Since then the disintegration of the visible landmarks of Chelsea Village has been rapid.

From letter and diary writers as late as 1830 we have happy glimpses of it as the terminus of a stage line which ran through Greenwich Village to the city between continuous little gardens back of picket fences, setting off frame and brick cottages with now and then a wealthy man's box bordered park and mansion among them.

The last competent explorer for relics of the old village to go into its back yards and blind alleys and courts thoroughly before they quite disappeared was the indefatigable Hemstreet in 1910. From narrow passages through the fronts of houses along 20th Street he found courts with tottering wooden houses which

had one day been seemly homes of fairly well-to-do people on a Chelsea lane. He looked down from tenement housetops on gracious isolated cottages tumbling into decay. He tells about them in a chapter of his book, "When Old New York Was Young."

Chelsea, near about the seminary and along some of the avenues, still has the quiet ways of its century old heritage. But the great manufacturing buildings are constantly sprouting up on its eastern border and from the river rise the warehouses which were certain to come when the city and the United States Government made the Chelsea water front the New York landing place for the greatest steamships which ply the seas.

Over east of Chelsea was the parade ground, which is now called Madison Square, where the militia had their training days. Part of it was used as a potter's field, but this institution was transferred later to Washington Square to get it away from the Road to Bloomingdale and into less conspicuous territory. At Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue and Broadway where the Fifth Avenue Hotel was to flourish as the general meeting place of all New York's men-about-streets—especially whispering politicians—for generations, was Corpl. Thompson's Madison Cottage, where a man might entertain a member of his own family without scandal but hardly anybody else.

Chelsea Village had had a separate little village inside it, more than a hundred years ago, Paisley Village. This was in a block of frame cottages facing inward from about the line of 16th and 17th Streets and Sixth and Seventh Avenues. They were a group of Scots who fled from home in an epidemic. They called their little square Paisley but the neighbors called it Weaver's Row.

Other reminiscences of Chelsea hang about No. 35 East 19th Street, which was the last city home of Horace Greeley, and the home of Edwin Forrest, the actor, at No. 435 West 22d Street, long a museum of relics of the old day of the stage and sport in New York.

BLOOMINGDALE, KIP'S BAY AND MURRAY HILL

ALL through the early chronicles of Manhattan Island one finds mention of the "Road to Bloomingdale" which is now Broadway and a part of the old Albany Post Road.

But what was Bloomingdale and who dwelt therein?

Men still alive remember playing about Striker's Lane and Mott's Lane on the hillside overlooking the Hudson River at 52d Street. These were the lower settlements of Bloomingdale Village—which never was really a village at all but a collection of communities in which centred the life of the farms which extended above Chelsea Village to the important and flourishing town of Harlem between the present Central Park West and the river.

Bloomingdale got its name from a town in the environs of Amsterdam in Holland, "Bloemendaal," an area in which grew tulips and all manner of beautiful flowers and vegetables. The "Road to Bloomingdale" was a thoroughfare from the trading post at what is now the Battery to a region of meadows and farms which sloped up from the brooks which meandered down to the east from the rock ridge which runs through Central Park and then slopes down again to the Hudson shore. There is little in the records to tell of life in Bloomingdale as a village.

THE RHINELANDER HOMESTEAD

William Rhinelanders Stewart, in a recent review of the records of the Rhinelanders, who were the landlords of Yorkville in the farming days of the upper half of Manhattan, tells in Valentine's Manual for 1925 of his early memories of the west side of Central Park. St. Michael's Church was the nearest church to the Rhinelanders' homestead, which was east of Central Park. The Rhinelanders were among the original New Yorkers. William Rhinelanders of New Rochelle, France, died in New York in 1777. His son, William Rhinelanders, was a sugar factor and had a home at No. 232 William Street. In 1810



THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL'S, BLOOMINGDALE VILLAGE, WHERE THE SUMMER RESIDENTS OF EAST AND WEST SIDES OF THE SUBURBS OF NEW YORK CITY WORSHIPPED A CENTURY AND A QUARTER AGO. ON THE SAME SITE, 99TH STREET NEAR THE HUDSON RIVER, STANDS A MUCH MORE PRETENTIOUS ST. MICHAEL'S TO-DAY.

he moved to a home in front of the New City Hall, near where Civic Virtue now displays a club on his shoulder, but is too proud to kick at the scaly ladies who clutch at his feet. In 1798 Mr. Rhinelanders bought a farm as a summer home in Yorkville and founded a village which will be the subject of a later article in this series.

"When residing in their 'city home,'" writes Mr. Stewart of the

Rhinelanders, "they attended the nearby St. Paul's Chapel (at Vesey Street) * * * During the early years of their residence on the East River the nearest Episcopal churches were St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery and St. John's at Yonkers. There were none intervening, as the Astors, Graces, Joneses, Primes, Schermerhorns and other families living near the Rhinelanders did not appear to have been numerous enough to pro-

vide a summer church for themselves. On the Hudson side of Manhattan Island, however, there had grown up a larger summer colony of New Yorkers at Bloomingdale, who in 1807 organized and incorporated St. Michael's Church, which was erected on the present 99th Street near the river. From the completion of St. Michael's the Rhinelanders attended its services, driving across the island through well shaded lanes, and Mr. Rhinelander served in the vestry from 1810 until his death in September, 1825, in his seventy-third year. A larger and handsomer St. Michael's still occupies the site."

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

Thus we of to-day may picture Bloomingdale as a rural neighborhood, with small stores at the cross roads, a church here and there and broad farms on which lived laborers in groups of houses at a considerable distance from the manor houses. Nearby Connecticut and New Jersey and New York State are full of similar communities though they have nearly disappeared from Westchester County and Long Island.

Vincent Treenor of The Evening World remembers when the foundations of the Stryker and Mott manors were still hiding places for youngsters at play, well within our own generation. The Old Swimming Hole of Southern Bloomingdale within sixty years was the resort of naked youngsters who gathered at "High Rock" between 53d Street and 52d Street on the Hudson River before there were enough dwellings in the neighborhood to make their return to nature a scandal. It had been a swimming place for 200 years. Later there was the subordinate village called Wranglebury, a collection of hovels and raw new built tenements of frame and brick of which Tommy Skidmore, later a notably powerful political leader, was "mayor."

The swift envelopment of the Bloomingdale meadows and farms into a district of almost colorless tenements and apartment houses—cliff dwellings for persons whose livings were earned below 59th Street as

those of the separate villages of 100 years ago were earned below Canal Street—is perhaps to be explained by the situation created by the establishment south and west of the park of great manufacturing industries which drew about them a population of workers. And always in this city the collection of a crowd, whether in a subway or at a fire or in a dwelling area has ever meant the multiplying volume of a greater crowd just as surely as the rolling of a snowball on a soggy winter day. The Higgins Carpet Works, early in the development of New York's industries, was started at 44th Street and 11th Avenue. The father of Steve Ferguson, afterward a great Tammany leader, was Superintendent.

There was a flax mill at 11th Avenue and 56th Street. As soon as cheap homes were built for the workers in these establishments and transportation was provided to get their families about town there was a demand for better homes for persons employed in the lower city who wished to avail themselves of the same transportation. Almost unconsciously we see the same movement going on to day, especially in the district near the Manhattan Terminus of the Queensboro Bridge, which was once aristocratic, then became a tenement slum and now again is sought for dwellings in these days of motor transport by those whose fathers and mothers abandoned it as "becoming common."

Other distinct communities south of the Central Park's present position were Murray Hill and Kip's Bay. Kip's Bay was where the Long Island Ferry had its Manhattan terminus, north of the Bellevue Hospital grounds. Jacob Kip owned it first; he had more than 150 acres of farm land along the bay. His home was a steep-roofed house at Second Avenue and 35th Street, then on an eminence considerably above the East River. As he considered distance, it was "four miles" from the city. There was a tree-shaded, rough beaten rambling road from the home of Jacob Kip and its surrounding gardens to the spot which until fifteen years

ago was the only Long Island Railroad station known to Manhattan. Jacob Kip's son, also Jacob, took to wife Marie La Montagne, daughter of the chief counsellor of Gov. Peter Stuyvesant, and whose family is still of such importance in the city's life that the doings of its members—of whatever nature—are considered as "news."

A little further uptown, still south of Central Park, was Murray Hill. This was a considerable height rather to the south of the present Murray Hill Hotel. Robert Murray had his manor house surrounded by farmhouses and small shops in an estate which was bounded by Broadway, Third Avenue and 33d and 37th Streets. The Murrays were Quakers, and the Quakers had been treated none too well by the Dutch and the English colonials. In mid-September, 1776, when the British troops overwhelmed the Continentals on Long Island and crossed the East River on barges to Kip's Bay, Mrs. Murray (at that time a widow) sent quick word to Gen. Washington of the crossing. In the meantime Mrs. Murray and her daughters invited Gen. Howe and his staff, arriving with the advance party from Long Island, to rest awhile with them and partake of refreshments and detained them several hours. Bancroft and others record this incident as true. Gen. James Grant Wilson in his Memorial History of New York asserts that he has reason to believe that Howe's orders to his troops had been issued before he reached the Murray home and were not affected by his resting there.

But at any rate Gen. Putnam, under Washington's orders in the crisis, went to the south of the city and led Silliman's infantry brigade and Knox's artillery, indispensable elements of what was left of the American Army "through the wooded country" along Greenwich road, through Greenwich Village and through Bloomingdale to the Heights of Harlem from which Washington led them south against the British in a counter attack a few days later—though had Howe not been sluggish after his Long Island victory he might certainly have wiped them out or captured them Sept. 16—no matter what may have been Madame Murray's share in their salvation.



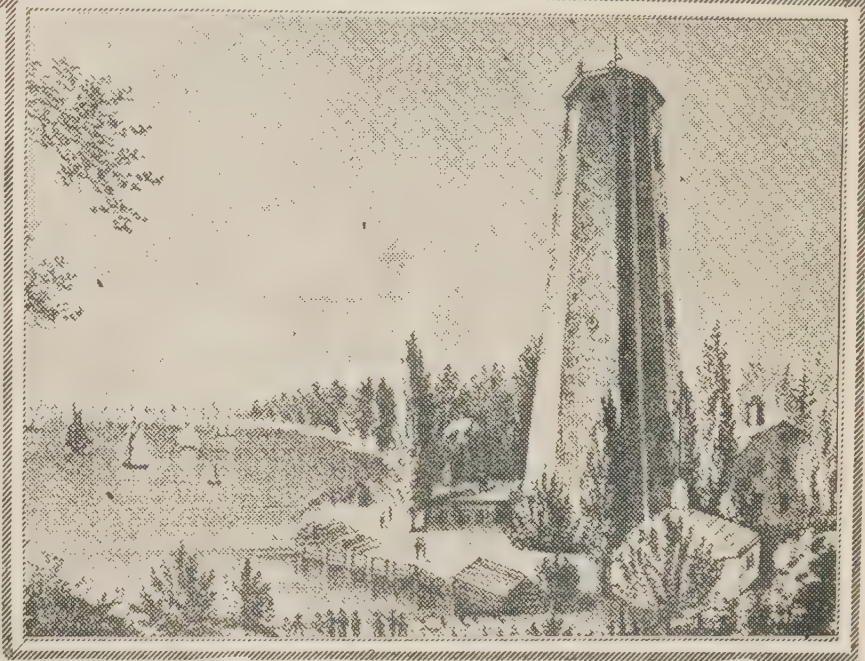
THE HAZZARD HOUSE AND THE GENTRY EXERCISING THEIR TROTting HORSES BEFORE IT IN 1835 AS THEY HAD FOR MANY YEARS

YORKVILLE

WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, still a stalwart representative of New York life, has told that the "gentlemen farmers" of the summer residence suburbs of the east side were not numerous enough or cohesive enough to establish a church between St. John's, Yonkers, and St. Mark's, in the old Stuyvesant Bouwerie district.

The early life of Yorkville was far more aristocratic and social than that of the Hudson shore. Its transformation into a crowded commercial and dwelling district came almost in a flood with the growth of transport opportunities for those who lived downtown in districts of high rentals, congestion and promiscuous morals in slums which were rapidly becoming unspeakably miserable and have since been almost altogether cleansed.

While the only means of going to and from the city to Yorkville were the private equipages, coaches or sulkies of the rich who lived along the banks of the East River in summer and "in the city" in winter, there



YOULE'S SHOT TOWER AT THE FOOT OF EAST 53D STREET, NEAR HALLET'S COVE, THE MANHATTAN TERMINUS OF THE ASTORIA FERRY

was no building up of Yorkville as a separate community. There were a few stores, wayside taverns—for the most part drinking places for farmers and farmers' help. There were the houses of workingmen employed on the riverside estates.

Among those who had country parks of their own looking out on the East River and its lovely islands were the Costars, the Cuttings, the

Brevoorts, the Beekmans, the Joneses, the Rikers, the Alvords, the Grenzenbachs, the Willetts, the Wagstaffs, the Dobbinses, the Primes, the Astors, the Foulkes, the Rhinelanders, the Schermerhorns and others whose land holdings of those days have kept them prominently rich enough—most of them—to maintain a position as among the influential families of New York to-day.

The real village centre of York-

ville was in the neighborhood of what in the earlier years of the last century became known as the Hazzard House, at Third Avenue and 84th Street. It was a tavern for persons of speculative sporting dispositions. The Boston Post Road, which curved east and west between Stuyvesant's Bouwerie and the crossing of the Harlem from the west of Fifth Avenue to east of Second Avenue, was splendidly paved early in the last century. Later Third Avenue, a straight way, was even better paved. The thoroughfares became for a time speedways for harness horses. The Hazzard House was the place for the arguments and settlement—and liquidation—of contestants. The village, which spread for a few hundred yards in either direction on cross streets, was a sportsman's paradise, just far enough out of town for informality and yet not so far that a visit there was in itself an index of self-conscious scandalous intent.

One Youle built a shot tower 110 feet high at Hallet's Cove at the foot of East 53d Street, which fell down, jarred by blasts, in 1821, but was rebuilt so firmly that a modern contractor forfeited his bond after undertaking to raze it a few years ago—with ten feet still standing.

Along as late as 1835 came the disintegration of this mingling of country estate and community life into a swift consolidation with the marvellously sudden spread of the modern city. And facilities for passenger transportation made the change. Thomas Fisher set up a line of four ten-passenger stage coaches running from "the city" to the Hazzard House. The fare was 18¼ cents. There was what we would call in these days a "shuttle line" extending the trip from Yorkville to the prosperous and growing City of Harlem, for which an additional fare of 6¼ cents was charged.

Fisher's line, which passed into the control of one John Murphy in 1839, had competition from De Witt Kellinger, who lowered the fare to 12½ cents to the Hazzard House and 18¼ cents to Harlem. Sunday and other holiday excursions to the east side farms became more and more popular. The demand for those who could afford to buy small bits of land in

these pleasing slopes overlooking the East River became irresistible to the land holders, who allowed back corners and alleys to be built up.

The Harlem Railroad Company in or about 1840 started running small cars to Harlem with frequent local stops at a fare of 12½ cents to Harlem. The facilities of the new railroad were so crowded by this time by the demands upon its equipment that the making of local stops outside of thickly populated sections of Yorkville and Harlem was abandoned.

Henry Collins Brown, editor of the revived Valentine's Manual (once Valentine's Compilation of the Records of the Common Council), has in the 1925 Manual a summary of the causes and effects which made Yorkville from a village into a mere section of the city map. We believe—knowing something of Mr. Brown—that his essay was written all innocently of any desire to be an apologist for the traction interests or of any knowledge that his words might be taken as a special pleading for those presently oborgated enterprises.

"The upper portion of the island," he says, "was sparsely populated except at some particular locality, such as Yorkville, Harlem, Manhattanville, &c. (little villages in themselves), and would in all probability have remained so, in great measure, but for the rivalry engendered between the proprietors of the several modes of conveyance to and from the city proper. The reduction in the rates of fare consequent upon such competition induced large numbers of our citizens and others to visit the upper portion of the island; and * * * many became purchasers of property and located themselves permanently at various points on the route traveled by the railroad cars and omnibuses. From this period may be dated the almost unparalleled growth of the section of the city above 14th Street, great inducements being held out in the low value placed upon real estate—city building lots at that period being readily sold at prices varying from \$100 to \$400."

Between 1835, when the Danbury Post Road coaches ceased carrying "four inside" and making a trip one day each way, and 1860, when the Third Avenue Railroad carried eight million passengers into and through Yorkville, the whole character of Yorkville underwent its change from road corner village to a city section.

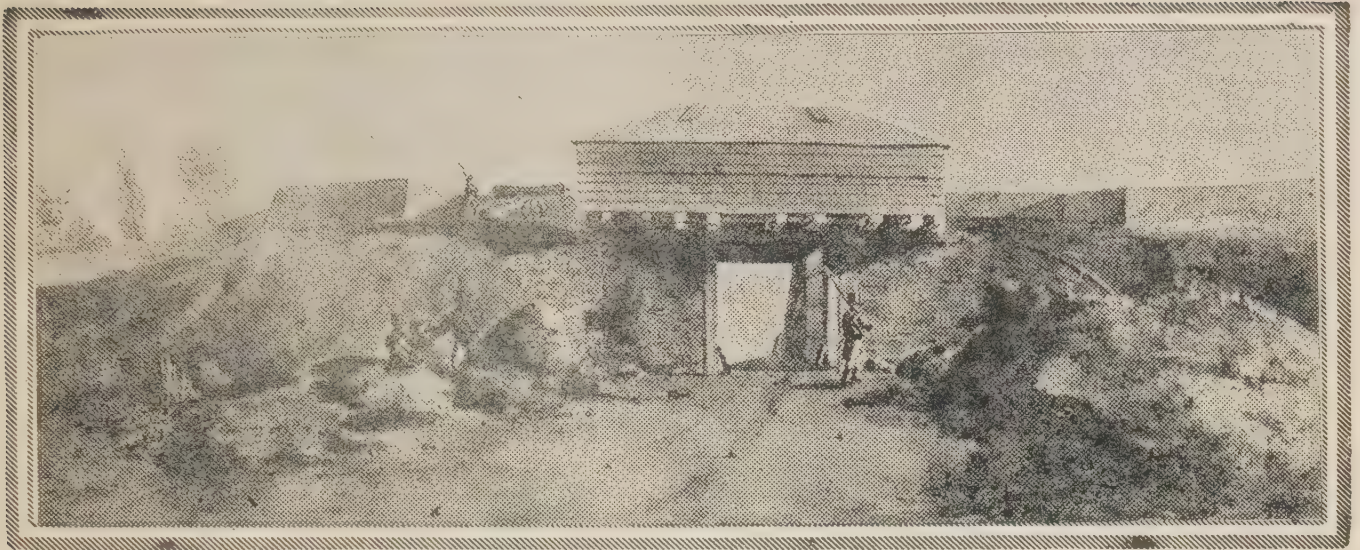
The fate of the Hazzard House was a business tragedy. Its proprietor had been encouraged to extend his buildings, his stock and his staff to meet the appetites and tastes of the sports-

men who used his establishment as a club for trotting horse enthusiasts. The rich summer residents who owned and raced the horses caused Third Avenue to be repaired and resurfaced with sand and crushed stone until it was by far the best trotting course in the city.

And then came the tradesmen, the truckmen, the peddlers, the private omnibus lines and the private carriages and so cluttered up the fine road that the wealthy horsemen could not practice their sport upon it without accident. Where they had once enjoyed a clear course from 28th Street to Harlem Bridge, Mr. Brown says, they were gradually cut down to short stretches on Third Avenue between road houses such as the Hazzard House, "Sparks Four Mile House," "Dan Flynn's," "Cato's" and the like, and then were brushed off the road altogether.

Those who would gain an idea of what Yorkville was like 100 years ago may take a crosstown omnibus or street car through 86th Street to Avenue A and 88th Street and then walk east to Carl Schurz Park, at the river bank. Here is Hoorns Hook, at the northern end of the Archibald Gracie estate, with the old homely wooden Gracie home almost opposite the lighthouse on the northern point of the island which was once Blackwell's but which sentimentalists who shed tears in the form of red ink have changed to "Welfare Island." The park is shabby; the old house has needed paint and repair for a generation; but the East River tides race and swirl by, dark and laced with foam, as they always have. The house has been turned over to Henry Collins Brown as the home of the Museum of the City of New York, and contains many interesting things—from the poke bonnets and hoop skirts of the ladies before the Civil War to the "Tom Thumb," the tiny first locomotive built in the United States, made, under the direction of Peter Cooper, for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with steam tubes contrived out of rifle barrels.

If one will walk to the high iron fence over the river and, half closing his lids, watch the racing water until his eyes become a bit out of focus and then turn them back on the old mansion and again south and north where there was a succession of such wide piazzaded homes with cottages and churches and now and then a tavern, he might know better than do most residents of the neighborhood what squirming, busy, screaming, laughing, fast-trading and sweating Yorkville was like when his great grandfather was in his prime.



(From the American Historical and Scenic Preservation Society Reports)

THE BARRIER GATE AND BLOCK HOUSE AT M'GOW N'S PASS, THE REVOLUTIONARY THERMOPYLAE IN NORTH CENTRAL PARK—1814

WHEN CENTRAL PARK WAS A
SCANDALOUS MESS OF A
VILLAGE

THE people of New York City and their representatives in the city legislative and executive offices felt the urge about 1850—just three-quarters of a century ago—to create a great park. Ever since the City Commission of 1807 had announced its program there had been a debate about the making of park spaces. Early proposals by the members of the commission for a park extending from the neighborhood of Madison Square to 34th Street had been indignantly denounced by the taxpayers.

Along in 1851 it was determined in Council to purchase the Jones estate—"Jones's Wood"—for a city park; it was a famous picnic resort on the East River. Andrew Downing, an editor, rose up and took the city off its feet with him in protest, exclaiming: "One hundred and sixty acres of park for a city that will soon contain three-quarters of a million people! It is but a child's playground!"

It was under Downing's leadership that the movement to take the rocky "waste space" in the centre of the city—at first from 59th Street to 106th Street and later to 110th Street—was

substituted for the Jones's Wood plan.

Central Park, as its site was occupied in 1850, was certainly one of those villages which, for a time, made its mark in New York City—and its mark was a sore and unseemly spot on the body politic.

What was called the Squatters' Village, in what is now Central Park, was as filthy, disreputable, poverty stricken and savage a community as this country ever knew. The mining camps of the West and the oil fields were aristocratic resorts beside it. In later days, on great construction jobs, there have been labor camps nearly as bad—but not quite—in our experience.

The churches of the middle nineteenth century sent missionaries into the 5,000 population of Central Park as they sent them to Africa and the Orient—and with less profitable results.

Few, if any, of the inhabitants of the sterile, rocky wilderness had even temporary title or tenancy. The land was public property, almost all the way to McGown's Pass. There was a grove of fine cedars on the east side of the park west of 78th Street. There was Manhatta Lake, which later became the small reservoir. But for the most part the rocky surface of the park was more like

the devastated west border of France on Armistice Day. The populace lived in shacks made of salvaged boards. Some were sheathed with flattened tin cans. Many houses were but shelters over the entrances of dug-outs. In 1856 the Comptroller reported that he had collected rent from the dwellers of three stone houses, two brick houses, one rope walk and 200 stables, hovels, barns and pigstys, and that the rest were not worth trying to collect for.

White and Negro and Indian, representatives of all the nations of Europe which had come to the United States and gone to the bad because of poverty or shiftlessness, were represented in the population.

"Some are honest," wrote the Rev. Thomas McCune Peters and the Rev. James C. Richmond (brother of the Rev. William Richmond of St. Michael's-in-Bloomington), who were among the first missionaries to these forlorn heathen, "some are not."

Some had regard for their duties and responsibilities in raising families, and others had never considered the matter, one gathers from the sympathetic accounts of the reverend gentlemen, who make it quite clear that there were no racial divisions in domestic associations of any sort.

There were fat-boiling cauldrons

and hog fattening pens where swill from "the metropolis" was utilized. Horses and cows, hogs and goats, ducks and chickens roamed at will until they became crippled or enfeebled, and then, according to the Rev. Mr. Peters, they were pulled down and torn to pieces and the flesh stripped from their bones by the packs of wild dogs which ranged the district, the individual members of the dog packs having sanctuary in and around the homes of the squatters. Every child in every squatter family had at least one dog under patronage, says the minister sadly, and the Lord seemed exceedingly generous to those who lived in the park in bestowing the blessings of large families.

There were three roads through which the settlement received its refuse from the outside world and sent out its converted products or went forth to beg. These were the 71st Street road, which was passable by saddle horses or light wagons in good weather; the 86th Street road, "almost as bad," and the Bloomingdale cross road or Apthorp's lane, which crossed the park from 96th Street to the west, coming out at 93d or 94th Street.

The principal squatter settlement was called Seneca Village. Its hovels formed a central fortress and hiding place surrounded by quarries, briar thickets and swamps. By 1850 the sport of riding to hounds in the park had become so unpleasant as to be abandoned. The bears and wolves which were hunted there a hundred years or more before with the approval of the Governors from Dongan down were gone. A half century be-

fore the bears and wolves left the thickets the Indians had ceased running over the trail from Wiekqueskeek toward the Boston Post Road and the trading posts for fish, oysters, corn and beadwork in that vicinity.

THE OLD PASS TAVERN

It is a strange commentary on the situation south of 106th Street that for many years the northern section of the park was the quiet, religious resort of the Academy and Convent of Mount St. Vincent. McGown's Pass (the older records spell McGown without the letter "a") stood like Thermopylae cleft in the ancient hills, which was regarded as essential to Revolutionary soldiers in defending Harlem after the British took the lower city, and was again fortified by volunteer work gangs of citizens when the British threatened the Atlantic seaboard in 1812. The section of the park north of 106th Street to 110th Street was demanded by the city in condemnation proceedings in 1859, and the nuns cheerfully moved to the new Mount St. Vincent at Riverdale, the unfinished home of Edwin Forrest, the actor, out of which he was kept by his domestic tragedy.

Discussion of the military history of Central Park is a part of the military history of Harlem and the whole city, when the Bronx and Westchester County became a "no man's land."

It was a mighty task to turn the human and material slops out of Seneca Village and its environs; to clean the beds of the pretty streams which wandered through the park from Bloomingdale to the East River. It was necessary to protect these

brooks and creeks by running them through conduits, when they were not spread out into park ponds. The shallow rocky surface of the park, overlaid with some leaf mould, but far more garbage and less nutritive refuse, was poor foundation for tree growth, and still is unless frequently fertilized.

But the genius of E. L. Olmsted and Calvert Vaux, landscape architects, under the direction of William Cullen Bryant, Washington Irving and George Bancroft, Park Commissioners, met the problem after the police had done their share of the work and chased the disorderly and demoralizing squatters out into what had become Corcoran's Roost in the East Forties, where they lived much as they had in the Central Park neighborhood though in closer defensive and offensive alliance.

Later, the liberality of William M. Tweed with the people's money, flowing through retentive channels of his own choice, crowned the work which is now the pride not only of New York City but of all the United States.

"Its distinction," says the article of Dr. Edward Hageman Hall of the American Historic and Scenic Preservation Society, in the society's report to the Legislature of 1911 (from which many of these facts are taken) "lies not in its size or its diversity but rather in the skill with which it was built, the influence which it exerted in park construction elsewhere, and its physical relation to the happiness and welfare of the densely populated community in which it is located."



CORCORAN'S ROOST AT 42D STREET



HARLEM VILLAGE IN 1765—AS THE FOOT OF 125TH STREET LOOKED FROM MORRISANIA. RANDALL'S ISLAND ON THE LEFT. (From "New Harlem, Past and Present," by C. H. Pierce, H. P. Toler and H. D. P. Nutting; reproduced from an original in the British Museum and copied for Librarian George H. Moore of the New York Historical Society.)

EARLY HARLEM SETTLERS

EXCEPT for a few lawyers and map experts and students of New York history, we are given to regarding everything north of 110th Street on Manhattan Island as "Harlem." But the ancient maps show that the southern boundary of the New Harlem of colonial days was a line running almost directly from the present Fort Lee ferry across the northwestern corner of Central Park to the foot of East 74th Street.

So the Bloomingdale village farms at their northern end lapped over on what we to-day regard as part of Harlem; much of what we call the Yorkville district was actually in the old Harlem Village.

As has been told, the first settlers on Manhattan Island were in doubt as to where to build their trading post. There were those among them who favored going up the Hudson as far as the Great Kill—the present Harlem River—at Spuyten Duyvil and hiding themselves out of the way of commer-

cial and naval explorations from other European countries.

FIRST WHITE MAN IN HARLEM

The first white resident of Harlem was Dr. Johannes de la Montagne, whose parents had fled from France to Holland in the Huguenot exodus and who studied medicine under Dr. Hernius at the University of Leyden.

Dr. de la Montagne was lured to bring his wife and son—a daughter was born to them on the voyage—to New Amsterdam by reading the reports of De Rasieres and De Laet, visitors to New Amsterdam a few years after Hudson's survey of the Hudson in 1609. Apparently the physician's attention was particularly interested by the De Rasieres report:

"The Island," wrote De Rasieres, "is full of trees, and in the middle, rocky, but the north end has good land in two places, where two farmers each with four horses would at first have enough to do without much clearing." De Laet told of a land "excellent and beautiful to see, full of

noble trees and grape vines, and wanting nothing but the industry and labor of man to render it one of the finest and most fruitful regions in that part of the world. The trees are of wonderful size, fit for buildings and vessels of the largest class. Wild grape vines and walnut trees are abundant. * * * The forests abound in wild animals, especially the deer kind. * * * Quantities of birds, large and small, frequent the rivers, lakes and forest with plumage of great elegance and variety of colors. Superior turkey-cocks are taken in winter, very fat, and with flesh of fine quality. Salmon, sturgeon and many other kinds of excellent fish are taken in the rivers." (The writers forgot to mention in the article on Yorkville that the Hazzard House at Third Avenue and 84th Street had much patronage as late as the middle of the last century by fishermen who caught great numbers of striped bass in Hell Gate.)

The chroniclers acknowledged that

the Indians were a menace to intending colonists but were "susceptible of being imbued with religion and good manners, especially if colonies of well ordered people should be planted amongst them who would make use of their services without rudeness or abuse."

Arriving in 1636 at New Amsterdam, De la Montagne tarried in the trading post long enough to get some information as to the lay of the land to the north, buy himself an Indian canoe (burned out of a tree trunk), and paddled with his family and hired men up the East River into the ugly swirls of Hell Gate and turned into the bend in the shore north of the upper point of the island which the Indians called Minnahanock, later called Manning's and Blackwell's Island after its colonial owners, and now (by way of tenderly assuring its residents that they are known as paupers and not as criminals) is called Welfare Island. He went up the creek which had its source at 132d Street and Eighth Avenue. It was a tributary of the present Harlem River. At the intersection of the creek with the Indian trail which is now St. Nicholas Avenue, about where St. Nicholas Avenue crosses Seventh Avenue, Dr. Montagne and his men built a cabin sheathed with bark. Henry de Forest, the physician's brother-in-law, settled at the outlet of the "Montagne Creek" into the river—a place called Montagne Point. Dr. de la Montagne called his home "Quiet Dale." He was all wrong. Twice, with massacre and arson, his own family and those which followed him were to be driven to lower Manhattan by savages resentful of the brutal tactlessness of the bull-headed Gov. William Kieft.

SOFT FOR VAN TWILLER

The Valley of the Harlem was most attractive to emigrants from Holland. It was level and fertile and had plentiful water transportation dear to Dutch ideals. The fat grafter, Gov. Wouter Van Twiller, of whom Washington Irving said he was five and a half feet

tall and six and a half feet around but who was alert for a land bargain as he was physically unwieldy, grabbed Ward's Island for his own. Van Twiller's friend, Van Curler, took up a farm on the Yorkville-Harlem shore opposite, which was called Otterspoor, for its mazes of otter tracks. Van Curler kept something of an inn. The principal item on the bill of fare was venison; the deer came so near to the house that such as were needful for the larder could be shot from the kitchen door. The settlement increased and the settlers asked and obtained grants from Kieft, who was not unwilling to have an outpost of New Amsterdam established on the northern border of the island as an obstacle to Indians or invaders from the Connecticut Plantations and other New England colonies.

The Indians called the pretty valley "Muscoota." Jochem Pietersen Kuyter, a person of some substance, heard of its wealth of opportunity and came from Holland with a grant from the West India Company which entitled him to take up a farm. He chose the bank of the river from 125th to 150th Street. On the ship which he chartered to bring him over, Kuy-

ter, who was always known in the colony as Jochem Pieter, brought his friend Jonas Bronck, who settled across the river on "the main land," and gave Bronx Borough its name.

THE DYCKMAN ESTATE

The adventurous colonists had the courage and the resourcefulness to conquer the wilderness, but not the sodden stupidity of Kieft, who was almost alone among Dutchmen in lacking a sense of fairness toward the natives. In 1643 all the dwellers in New Harlem had been driven south to New Amsterdam; many of them had been killed in the Indian attacks. Their homes and fields were burned.

Pieter literally "bawled out" Kieft at the reception to Peter Stuyvesant, the new Governor, who superseded the fathead. Pieter was noisily supported by a neighbor named Melyn. Kieft had them arrested under an ordinance prescribing death by stoning for one who "slanders God, the Magistrate or his parents." Pieter and Melyn were sent back in chains to Holland for that. Kieft, on the same vessel, was an honored passenger. The ship was wrecked. Kieft perished, loudly declaring he had wronged Pieter and Melyn; they escaped to be vindicated in court.

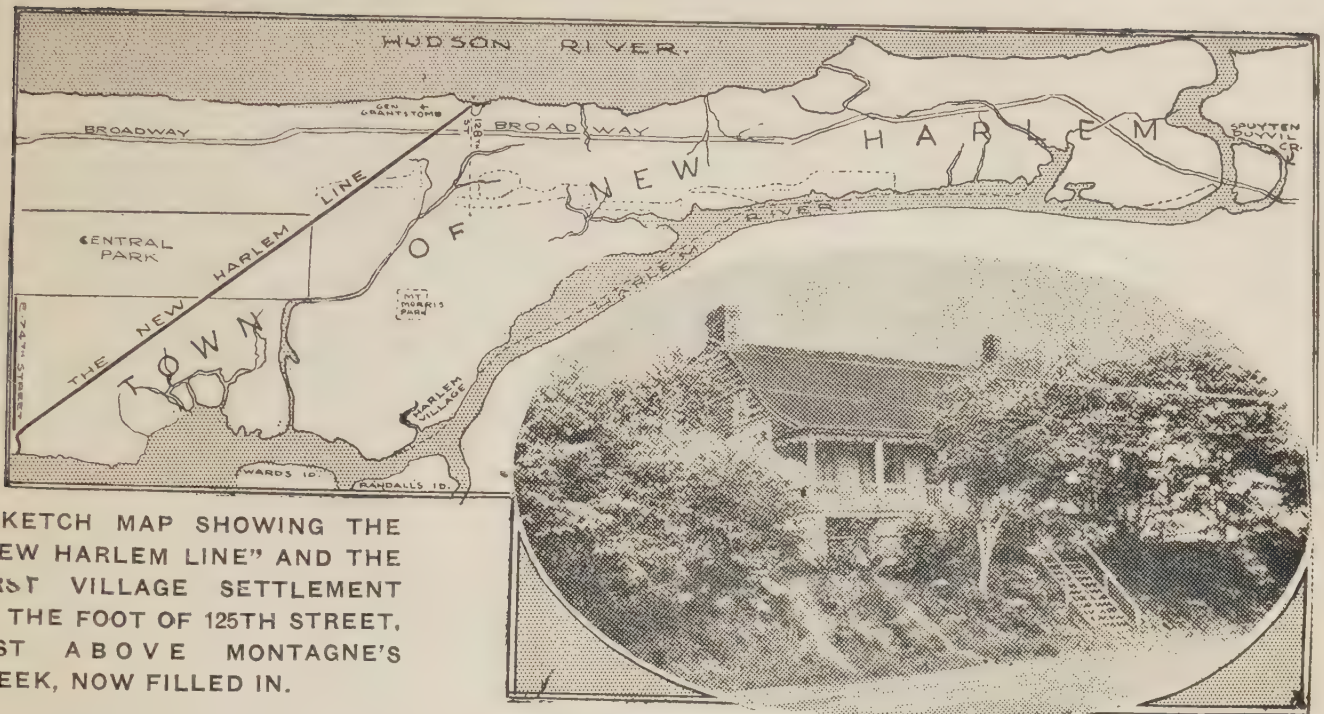
Pieter came back to Harlem, and after minor squabbles with Gov. Stuyvesant, was restored to a chance of prosperity by a loan from the wooden-legged autocrat. It was secured by a stock company agreement that the original farm of Pieter should be held in an undivided four parts by Pieter, Stuyvesant and two other capitalists—except that out of the pool "Mrs. Pieter is to keep for herself some hens and ducks."

Riker, in his "History of Harlem," and Toler and Nutting in their "New Harlem, Past and Present," show this was no small concession, for the Dyckman estate, 200 acres in the vicinity of the present Dyckman Street Subway Station, was rented to its first tenant for seven years at a rental of "two hens a year."

The value of the plot was appraised in 1903 at \$1,000,000. The wildest guess of a layman is worth as much as the computation of a realty expert as to its actual value to-day.



GOV. THOMAS DONGAN, WHO CONFIRMED PREVIOUS GRANTS OF HARLEM AND BRONX LANDS IN 1686.



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE "NEW HARLEM LINE" AND THE FIRST VILLAGE SETTLEMENT AT THE FOOT OF 125TH STREET, JUST ABOVE MONTAGNE'S CREEK, NOW FILLED IN.

HARLEM VILLAGE

ONE learns a great deal about the civic progress of New York by the natural history notes to be found in village and city records, in correspondence and in diaries and legislative enactments. One of the most noted legal controversies in all the history of "Nieuw Haarlem" had to do with the shooting of a hog in the Harlem woods by Reyer Michielsen and Hendrick Kiersen, residents of "Fordham on the Maine Land"

Away back in the days following the English seizure of the Dutch settlement on the southernmost tip of the island there was published this placard:

WARNING

Those persons who have Goats that keep about the Fort Garden are desired to take notice that unless they are taken care of and prevented from destroying the fruit trees disagreeable consequences may follow.

Also along about 1697 the New Amsterdam Council decreed that it should be "lawful to kill any swine running at large below the Fresh Water" (Canal Street).

But what profits it, the resident of Harlem to wonder, trying to board

DYCKMAN MANSION, BROADWAY AND 204TH STREET, BUILT 1783, GIVEN TO THE CITY BY THE FAMILY FOR HISTORICAL MUSEUM

the subway below Canal Street these evenings, whether or not this statute may have been repealed?

Governor Dongan set his seal for a special day for a wolf-hunt in all Manhattan Island north of the middle of Central Park. There are successive ordinances declaring penalties for those who permitted cattle and hogs to run at large or who failed to keep their fences in repair so that they would not go astray and do damage in neighboring gardens.

At first in New Harlem, as in New Amsterdam, swine and goats were regarded as useful scavengers and an aid to proper sanitation. Civic development may be traced northward from the Battery, and north and south from the New Harlem settlement, by the official actions showing that stray domestic animals were coming to be regarded as menaces to the public health rather than as destroyers of refuse and garbage.

But New Harlem was inclined to protect the meandering hog when New Amsterdam was declaring a continuous open season for them 'below the Fresh Water.'

Before Resolved Waldron, Schout,

and Magistrates David des Marest, Joost Van Oblinus and Arent Harman-sen Bussing, Michielsen and Kiersen, brothers-in-law, were put to trial in January, 1674. The Bronx trespassers established that they believed the hog was a runaway from Kiersen's farm, and when they found how thin it was contented themselves with merely taking the hide and leaving the carcass.

Following this trial (which was but one of many such incidents) the Governor and Council (during the brief second period of Dutch rule) in the following April issued a stringent "order in regard to the offense of shooting hogs in the common woods of this island without the consent of Harlem or city authorities." At the same time the Magistrates were authorized to requisition the entire community "on the second day of the coming Whitsuntide" to catch and drive into Harlem the wild horses running loose "from the farms of the former English Gov. Lovelace and Capt. Delavall and other recent English officials."

The Schout Waldron after his term of office kept an inn, the letters of

Sluyter and Dankers, scouts of the religious followers of Jean Labadie in Friesland, looking for an American home for members of their communion, tell us. It was on the "northeast creek, about three hours' journey to New Amsterdam."

PAY BILL FOR GOOD CHEER

"As our guide, Gerrit," they wrote, "had some business here and found many acquaintances, we remained overnight at the house of one Geresolvart (Waldron), constable of the place. * * * This house was constantly filled with people all the time drinking for the most part that detestable rum. He had also the best cider we ever tasted."

For comparison of the residents of the early settlement with those of today's Harlem it is worth while to note the bill rendered by David Blagge to the Council for entertainment of the Commissioners who "ran the Harlem line" in 1727 from Fort Lee to the East River at 74th Street as defined by the charter granted by the English Governor Nicolls years before.

"Ordered," reads the record of the Council, "that the Mayor issue his warrant to the Treasurer to pay Mr. David Blagge or order the sum of 4 pounds 16 shillings and 4 pence half-penny current money of New York in full for wine, beer, pipes, tobacco and other expences of this Corporation for running the Harlem Line and Expences at his House by A Committee of this Corporation in October last as appears by his account, which is audited and allowed."

Yet Harlem, even in 1673, had its excise and Prohibition problem. For Gov. Colve in the second period of Dutch authority, Nov. 20, 1673, instructed the "Schout and Magistrates of the Village Haerlem" to observe the first Wednesday in each month as a day of thanks, fasting and prayer on which were forbidden "all labor and play of tennis court, ball tossing, fishing, hunting, gaming, sailing, dice playing, excessive drinking and all tapping of liquors by inn keepers: the whole upon penalty of arbitrary correction." Perhaps it were worth

while to consider the words "excessive drinking" in comparison with the late Mayor Gaynor's requirement that the police should so enforce the excise laws of two hundred years and more later as to put into effect "outward order and decency." And what would the modern Harlem say to an edict forbidding religious holiday "ball tossing?"

COMMON PASTURE GROUND

Under the Nicolls charter, a strip of two miles south of the Harlem Line, marked with four boundary stones, was set aside as a common pasturing ground and all persons were forbidden to build in this strip without general consent.

Carl Horton Pierce, author of *Harlem Past and Present*, prepared under the supervision of title lawyers with a vast case in prospect, establishes to his own satisfaction that the bear hunt of Capt. Wooley, described in another chapter on the authority of other authentic historians, was not in the Maiden Lane district but on the farm of John Robinson at the East River and 74th Street, near the Saw Kill. Mr. Pierce says that this farm, received by Abraham Shotwell from Gov. Andros, was sold by Shotwell in 1679 to John Robinson, from the "city," who entertained the Rev. Dr. Wooley in Harlem. It is entirely likely that Mr. Pierce is right in believing that the bear was killed in lower Harlem rather than in Mr. Robinson's downtown property. James Riker, the standard historian of Harlem, was of this opinion. Other reports of this famous hunt have placed it in Central Park.

There was a system of community government during both the Dutch and English Administrations of the colony which has made room for interminable lawsuits over land titles. The book of Carl Horton Pierce, William Pennington Toler and Harmon De Pauw Nutting was an informal brief for some 40,000 possible claimants under these suits.

So nearly as a layman can understand, the grants of land except to those of the very first claimants were

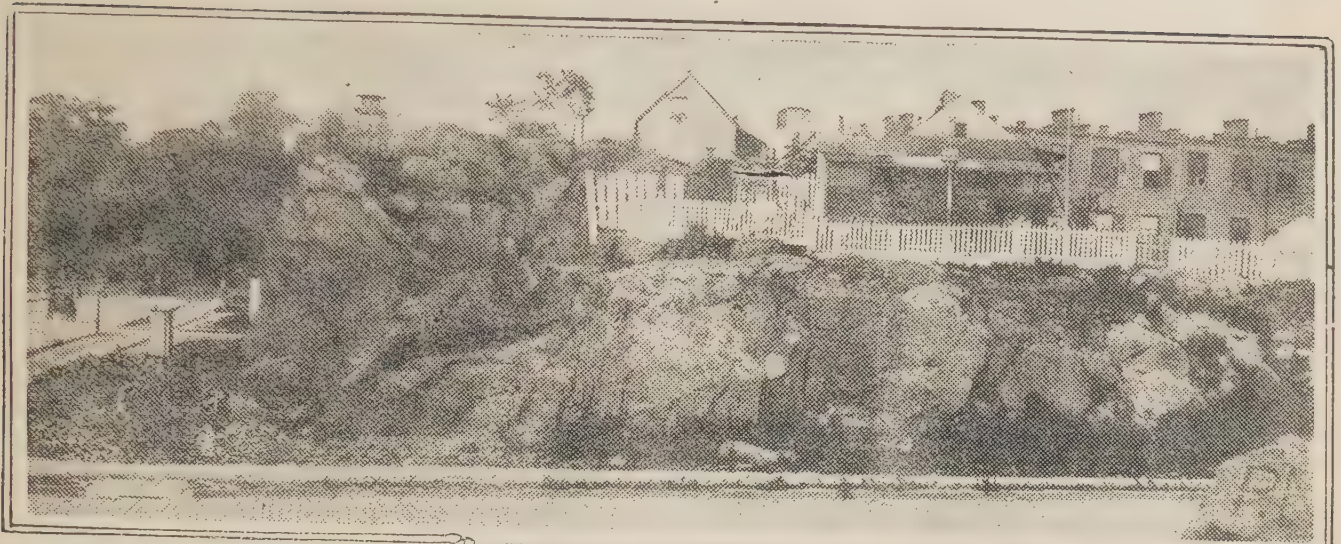
made by drawings. A householder received a building lot and a small farm; he also received a garden, which might or might not be contiguous to his home; he also had a lot of salt marsh grass, deemed necessary for stock on the "Maine Land" or the Bronx. As estates were abandoned or were confiscated by the authorities to be sold for the benefit of the former title holders, over and above their debts, there was hopeless confusion of the records. For a time there was a constant increase of lands held in common by the citizens of Harlem Village.

Readers of colonial history find there were constant bickerings between the Harlem Dutch and certain residents of the main land as to the rights of the Harlem folk in the salt meadows on the other side of the Harlem River. The records have broad comicality in 1925, but must have been vitally tragic in the early days of the seventeenth century.

Harlem was not as easily adaptable to English rule as was New Amsterdam with its population of more mixed nativities. Governor Nicolls, Englishman, taking over from Peter Stuyvesant, confirmed the Dutch grants in Harlem, but ordered that the community should be known as "Lancaster" in all legal papers. Only a few years later, in conferring a later charter, he ordered that the village should be called "New Harlem;" There was no reference in this tactful paper to the utter disregard with which the villagers had treated his previous order.

When the Dutch Government came back for a short period the Harlem folk held public services of thanksgiving, and one gathers that they made a fleet of their dugout boats—all travel between Harlem and New Amsterdam was by water—and went down to the "Fort" to celebrate.

The building of a road between the "city" and the "Village Harlem" was a joint enterprise. New Amsterdam built the road from Stuyvesant's Bouwerie, south of Fourteenth Street, to the Saw Kill at the foot of East 74th Street, and Harlem built its continuation to 123d Street and Verveelen's Ferry there.

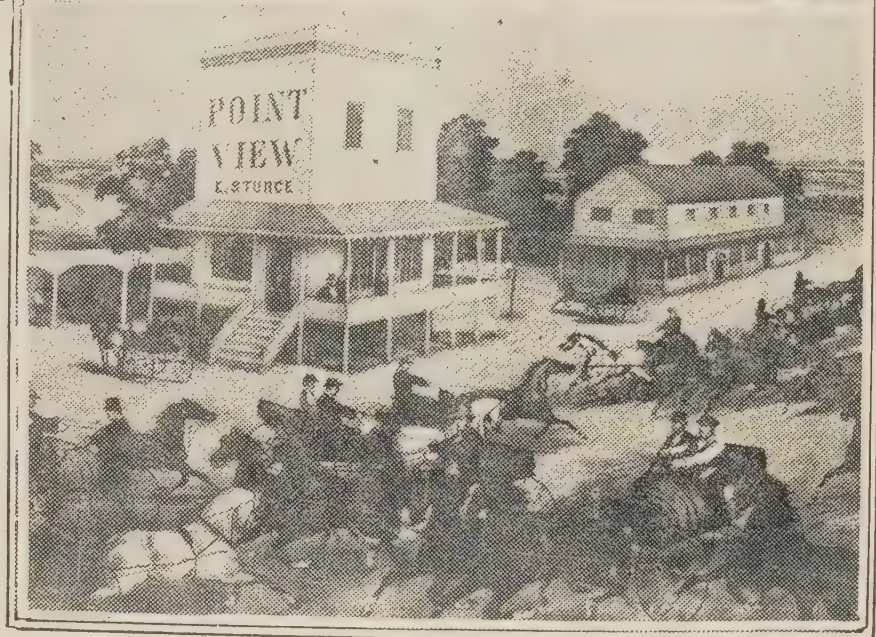


FIFTH AVENUE AND 118TH STREET JUST THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO—THE PHOTOGRAPH MAKES IT EASY TO UNDERSTAND HOW ALL THE GREATER CITY WAS A SCATTERED GROUP OF DETACHED VILLAGES AND HAMLETS 200, AND EVEN 100. YEARS AGO.

CARMANVILLE, MANHATTANVILLE, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS

A VERY important person in encouraging the increase of population from the foot of East 125th Street westward and northward to Spuyten Duyvil was Johannes Verveelen. When the English Governor Nicolls made his second grant to the Holland born citizens of New Harlem, confirming those they had of the Dutch Governors, he required them to build "a ferry to pass to and from the Main Land (the Bronx), which may redound to the particular benefit of the inhabitants as well as to a general good."

The ferry was established at a point near the present intersection of First Avenue and 123d Street where the Willis Avenue Bridge now crosses the Harlem River. Here, as Riker's "Harlem" records, Johannes Verveelen, as required by the council, conducted an ordinary, or hotel, and a boarding stable and started the ferry with this tariff sheet:



ANOTHER OLD CUT SHOWING THE FONDNESS OF NEW YORKERS OF THE LAST CENTURY FOR SHOWING OFF THEIR FAST HORSES—THIS SPEEDWAY WAS HARLEM LANE.

"For one person four stivers, silver money" (about eight cents); "for two, three or four, each, three stivers, silver money; for one beast, one shilling; for more than one, each, ten stivers, silver." According to his bargain with the magistrates he charged in his inn "every man for his meals, eight pence; for his lodging, two pence; every man for his horse shall pay four pence for his night's hay or grass or twelve stivers wampum, provided the grass be in fence." For six pence extra

the traveler could have "clean sheets to his bed."

From the day his inn opened until the day of his death Verveelen (who was one of those who "knew his rights") was constantly in the law courts. For an affair corresponding accurately to the "grand opening" of a new speak-easy in these Prohibition days, Verveelen dispensed several "vats of good beer" which had paid no tax in transportation through the "city." Anthony, the New Amsterdam Under Sheriff, journeyed eight

miles north to collect his dues. Verveelen dismissed him from his thresh-old on the toe of the Verveelen boot, saying that Anthony might have authority of an under sheriff, but was trespassing the jurisdiction of the Schout. The magistrates, who had been guests at the opening, canceled the tax claim, but Verveelen was fined \$8 for kicking the under sheriff.

Then Daniel Tournear, deputy sheriff for Harlem, declared himself as "out after Verveelen" and filed a claim for taxes, fines and costs to the amount of \$840 on the ground that on various dates Verveelen did "wickedly smuggle" certain rum and beer. Still mindful of his hospitality to the officials, the council reduced the claim to \$16.87 and declared the tavern's beverages tax free for one year. Mayor Delavall signed an order limiting Verveelen's charges to two pence silver or six pence wampum for each passenger and eight pence or twenty-four stivers wampum for each horse or cow—"but all cattle that are swum over pay but half price."

Verveelen found his ferry disappointing in profits. He made frequent complaint and in the end attributed his troubles to a ford at Spuyten Duyvil far to the north. He got leave to close the 123d Street ferry and move to Spuyten Duyvil, the ferry at Harlem "being found incommodious and not answering the ends formerly proposed." The inn had been built for Verveelen by Capt. Delavall as part of his proposal to invest in a town grist mill. But it had not prospered.

One Archer, on the "Main Land," pestiferously resisted the title of Verveelen to the grant of Papparinamin plantation at the Spuyten Duyvil ferry. Archer had also to be harshly restrained from poaching on the Harlem men's salt grass patches on the Main Land. In due time, as will be shown in a following article, these squabbles resulted in the establishment of the village of Fordham. Many years later, in our own time, the Harlem River Ship Canal was cut through the land included in the bend in the Spuyten Duyvil, and the creek was partly filled in. Thus Marble Hill,

formerly below the creek, is now the only portion of Manhattan north of the Harlem River.

Verveelen put his duties as keeper of the ferry above all others in his civic responsibilities. When frightened messengers coming from the north told him of the rising of the Narragansetts and the probability that King Philip and his tribesmen would descend on Manhattan to pillage it, Verveelen would not retreat five miles from his lonely post to the security of the village stockade. Even when the authorities sent for him to come in he refused unless he were taken as a prisoner. He had the utmost respect—in spite of his quarrels—of the villagers.

The establishment of the ferry at Spuyten Duyvil turned traffic through to the west and north and encouraged settlements along the "Bloomingdale Road" to the north. In the deep gulch on the west side, which is now crossed by the Riverside Drive Viaduct, was Matje David's Vly, or the meadow of the Widow David. It was a fertile farm and a considerable community grew up about the widow's home. It was later called "The Hollow Way," and by 1800 was known as Manhattan Ville, a name which still clings to the neighborhood.

On the hill overlooking it is the Alexander Hamilton house, moved to Convent Avenue and 141st Street from its former site on the avenue between 142d and 143d Streets. Farther to the north is the Jumel Mansion, now a city museum. It was built by Roger Morris, an English officer, whose wife is said to have jilted the American General for a Tory. When Morris and his wife fled to Gen. Howe in 1776, Washington took the house for his headquarters; later the British Gen. Sir George Clinton occupied it. It was confiscated by the new United States Government and bought in by Stephen Jumel, whose wife was a sprightly lady who had a brilliant career abroad after a somewhat unconventional early life. After her husband's death she married Aaron Burr when he was seventy-eight years old. The diary of Mayor Philip

Hone mentions the event under date of July 3, 1833: "The celebrated Col. Burr was married on Monday evening to the equally celebrated Mrs. Jumel, widow of Stephen Jumel. It is benevolent of her to keep the old man in his latter days. One good turn deserves another."

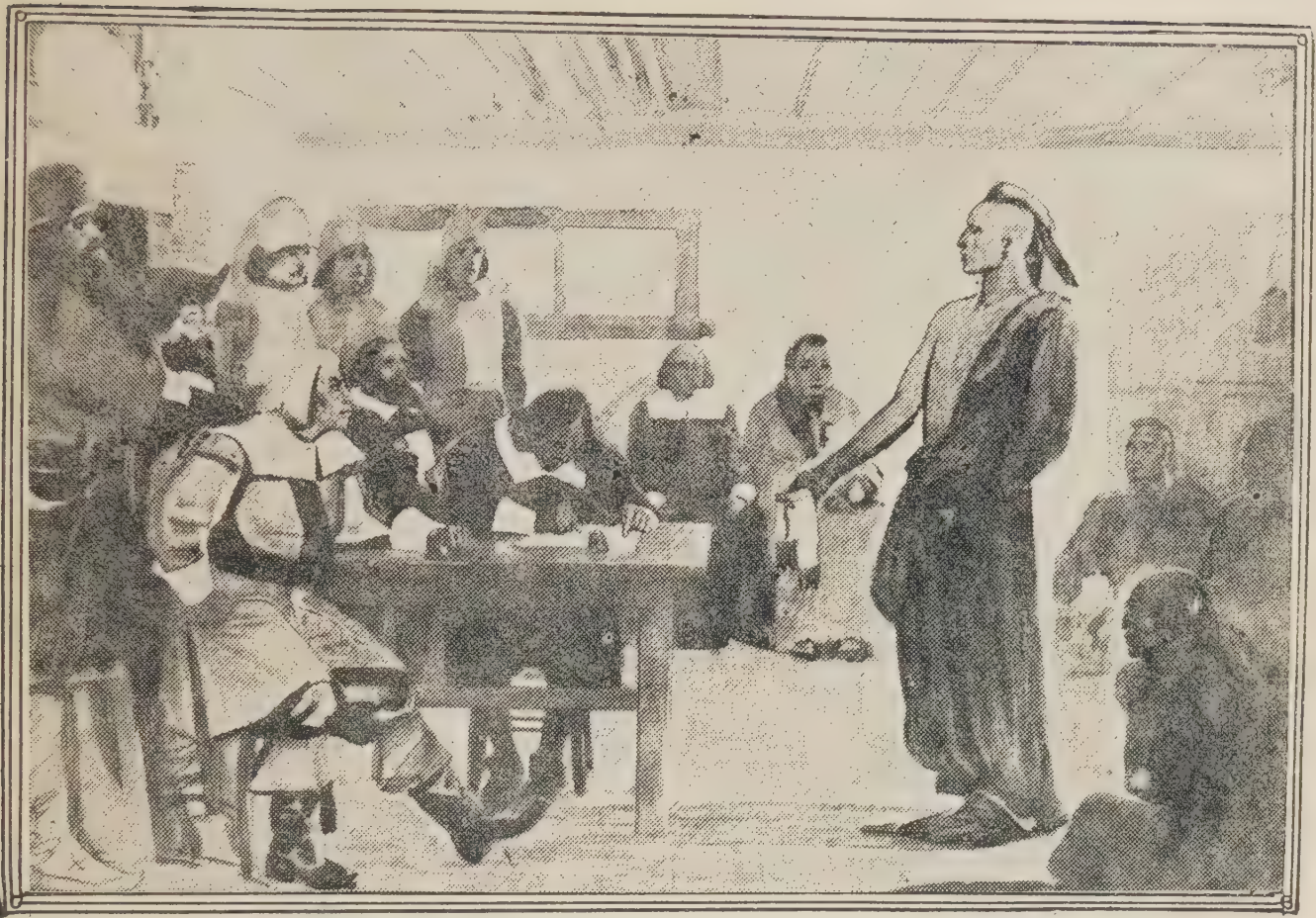
The spirited old woman's benevolence cracked under the strain, however, and Burr ended his days in loneliness on Staten Island.

Just below the western end of High Bridge, Richard Carman had his mansion. The surrounding homes, many of them houses of his household, took the name Carmanville, which is seldom heard even on Washington Heights to-day.

Those of us who can remember what Washington Heights and Fort George were like thirty or forty years ago have mental pictures of stately mansions in run-down parks, with a few squatters' huts or cheap dwellings in groups at intervals along the road and with a gaudy collection of recreation resorts on the very top of the Fort George hill, marking the one-time terminus of the transportation lines. Apartment houses of the patio and entrance - hall - to - the-elevator type now crown the hill from which hurdy-gurdys droned their accompaniment to circling wooden horses and the shouts of waiters made a tumult which could almost be heard on the Harlem River banks far below.

Almost every step of the ground along this high ridge, from the lower end of Central Park to the Harlem, was fought over in the Revolution. One using the City History Club "Landmarks of New York" as guide may spend many a profitable Sunday afternoon walking from monument to monument and tablet to tablet marking scenes of skirmish and hand-to-hand fighting and war camps, occupied sometimes by the Continental Army and sometimes by the British and their Hessian mercenary troops, who at last drove the Continentals back to the Upper Bronx and Westchester County.

Verveelen's ferry was superseded in 1693 by a toll bridge built by Frederick Phillipse, who, though poor in his youth, had become the richest man in America through his management of the estate of his wife, a wealthy Dutch widow. The corporation was too poor to build a bridge and so let Mr. Phillipse have the privilege. A free bridge was built by subscription in 1759. The site of the Phillipse "King's Bridge" is now buried far beneath the surface of Kingsbridge Avenue. The free bridge remained in use until 1912.



(From a painting by E. W. Deming in the Mount Morris High School, reproduced by courtesy of C. B. J. Snyder, Architect, Board of Education, in "The Story of the Bronx" (Putnam).)

THE "PURCHASE" FROM THE KESKESKECK INDIANS, 1639, BY THE WEST INDIAN COMPANY OF THE LANDS LATER GRANTED TO JONAS BRONCK, AND STILL LATER CALLED MORRISANIA.

FORDHAM

FORDHAM was not the first settlement or the first community in the Bronx. But it was more closely involved with the development of population above the Harlem River than the settlement at Westchester Village in 1654 by the New England intruders — described by their neighbors to the south as outcasts and wanderers from the Connecticut Plantations and other settlements to the north.

The very first settler to build a home in the present Borough of the Bronx was the Dutchman who gave the area its name, Jonas Bronck or Bronk. He was a friend to Capt. Jochem Pietersen Kuyter (later called Jochem Pieter), a Dutchman of substance, to whom the Government granted a stretch of land on the south

bank of the Harlem from about 125th Street to 150th Street. He had more room than he needed on the ship he chartered for the voyage and invited Jonas Bronck to accompany him. They brought all their families, farmhands and a herd of fine Holstein cattle. Jonas Bronck was a Scandinavian who had lived many years in Holland and had married a Dutch wife. He crossed the Harlem and through the Dutch authorities (The West India Company) "bought" a large part of the land north of the Bronx from the Indians for "two guns, two iron kettles, two coats, two adzes, one barrel of cider and six bits of money." This was the territory of the Keskeskeck tribe, and the purchase is the subject of the painting by E. W. Deming in the Mount Morris High School.

In 1640 and 1641 Bronck "bought" more land. Historians have always accepted the belief of the first colonists that the Indians understood that these transactions were actual purchases of the title to their lands. The Indians left no written records of their understanding of the bargains. But their subsequent conduct both in peace and in war, when the blundering Kieft, William the Testy, and others angered them, suggests that they regarded the whites as leaseholders who often exceeded the terms of their leasehold and common courtesy and could therefore be evicted summarily.

Bronck leased lands to new settlers on condition that they might grow tobacco and maize for two years free of rent on any land they cleared, but after two years must leave and cultivate new acreage, abandoning to him

that which they had retrieved from the wilderness.

Soon after this Bronck built a stone house roofed with tiles, barns, slave quarters and farmers' houses at about the site of the Harlem River railroad station of the New Haven line at Lincoln Avenue and East 132d Street.

Now, the settlers in the village of New Harlem, south of the Harlem River, had taken up patents with full authority from the Dutch governors—later confirmed by the English governors—to a tract of salt hay marshes on the mainland which were regarded as indispensable for their cattle.

Of all the so-called trespassers from New England at Westchester, none bothered the Dutchmen more than he who came to be called John Archer, having married an English wife, and who was regarded as an Englishman. Though he claimed the name L'Archer for one of his ancestors who had fought under William the Conqueror, the first records of his tempestuous American life show that he was called Jan Arcer. He acquired realty holdings by the simple process of harvesting hay and tilling soil on the grants of other men, after buying in 1667 eighty acres of upland and thirty acres of meadow "between Bronx River and ye watering place" (ferry) "at ye end of ye Island of Manhattan."

JAN A GRASPING SOUL

Here the grasping Jan Archer—his Dutch neighbors called him "Koopall" or "Buys-all" (compare with the modern slang "cops it all")—undertook to form a village. Archer, when the storm of protest on his claim-jumping threatened to get him into jail or deported, promptly offered to buy what he had already taken. It was Archer who was constantly in litigation with Ferryman Verveelen at the Spuyten Duyvil ferry and with the

owners of the Harlem salt marsh meadows north of the river. He tried repeatedly to crowd Verveelen off the ferry grant at Papparinamin. He was in squabbles with the Dutch until 1671, when on one day, Sept. 8, the minutes of Mayor Delavall's court at Harlem contain four charges against him: (1) complaint of David Demarest that Archer mowed grass on Demarest's meadow above Spuyten Duyvil; (2) complaint of Martin Hardewin of Fordham that Archer broke down his fence; (3) complaint of Marcus du Sauchoy of Fordham that Archer threw his furniture out of doors; (4) complaint of Johannes Verveelen (nature not stated).

It was ordered by the court that "the defendant, John Archer, behave himself for the future, civilly and quietly against the inhabitants of the said town, as he will answer to the contrary at his peril." Moreover it was ordered that two Harlem Magistrates thereafter sit with the Fordham Magistrates at trials, but that Fordham must pay the expenses of the visiting Magistrates. But Archer did not behave. Neither was he put in peril. Carl Horton Pierce in his "New Harlem, Past and Present," indicates his belief that Gov. Lovelace's subsequent grant of Fordham lands to Archer was a last desperate, though tactful expedient to keep him from annoying the sorely tried Dutch. Nothing seems more likely. Lovelace was like his predecessor, Nicolls, in conciliating the Holland born to English rule.

He gave Archer permission to settle twelve families at Fordham. Then he ordered a commission, David Tourneur, a famous battler for his rights in Harlem; David Demarest and Archer, to report whether "the Meadow Ground or Valley by the Creek beneath

the town of Fordham at Spuyten Duyvil" was not so far distant from the Village of Harlem (being unfenced) and so near to the Town of Fordham that it might better be transferred to Fordham—and Archer. The Dutch resisted the plan successfully. But Gov. Lovelace had granted Archer's petition for the incorporation of the Town of Fordham, without doubt with a view to this outcome. For it gave him an opportunity to order Archer, now that he had a village of his own, to stay in it and cease pestering his Harlem neighbors.

It was a manor grant to be held on the payment of "twenty bushels of good peas upon the first day of March when it shall be demanded." According to Stephen Jenkins, author of the "Story of the Bronx" (Putnam), the village took its name from "ham (Saxon), a house, and Ford from the wading place at 'ye passage commonly called Spiting Devil.'"

The grant contained 1,500 acres. Archer lost it in 1683 on the foreclosure of mortgages held by Cornelius Steenwyck and soon thereafter died. The widow of Steenwyck released 300 acres of it to Archer's heirs. Benjamin Archer, a descendant, recovered much more of the manor by 1780.

Of the original Fordham community of sixteen families near "the wading place," there is now no vestige remaining, according to Mr. Jenkins. The present Fordham community, which lies about Fordham University on Fordham Road, lies further out east into the borough. The road was at first a causeway over low lands from the ferry. Verveelen, as ferryman, was held to profit so much from prospective travel over it that he was obliged to pay one-third of the cost of its construction and the Town of Fordham paid the other two-thirds.



NEW YORK AND HARLEM RAILROAD—1832



A year later an Indian called on her and finding only one man in her household, her son-in-law, he came back that night with a band which murdered or burned to death all of the family except an eight-year-old girl. Also John Throckmorton or Throgmorton had taken a grant in 1642 in the Vriedlandt at what became mis-named Throggs Neck and was chased away by the marauding Indians; he went to New Jersey and from there, with Dutch permission, sold the property. One of Throckmorton's companions in flight was Thomas Cornell, who returned in 1646

and took up a claim at the Indian point called Snapakins, which is now Clason Point. Here, too, the Indians made him too uncomfortable and he went home to England leaving the property to be reclaimed from the redskins by Thomas Willett from across the neck of the Sound, who had married his daughter.

COMING OF THOMAS PELL

Then along about 1654 came Thomas Pell from the hated New Englanders, claiming everything from Pelham Bay (which was later named after him) east to the Bronx River and also the Dutch Vriedlandt. In spite of the substantial tribute paid by the Dutch to the Indians for the Vriedlandt in 1640, Pell settled several families at Westchester Village, well inside the mouth of Westchester Creek, and called it Westchester, although the Dutch had already arranged to put a few farmers there and to call the intended village Oestdorp. Gov. Peter Stuyvesant in 1655 sent up from New Amsterdam Claes Van Elsant and Albert the Trumpeter to serve a writ of ejectment against the New Englanders.

The villagers tried, unsuccessfully making a show of pistols, to keep the two from landing and reading the writ.

The leader of the Westchester Villagers was one Wheeler.

"I cannot understand Dutch," said he. "Why did not your Fiscal (Secretary of State) send it in English?" Whereupon the Dutch officers were put aboard a boat and told to get out. Stuyvesant sent the Fiscal, Van Tienhoven, to Westchester with a strong military force; twenty-three New Englanders were taken to New Amsterdam. There their wives and children, following, made such a fuss that they were released on their promise to pay the expenses of the ejectment expedition and to vacate their village within six weeks. The intruders united in a penitent petition to be allowed to remain, promising to acknowledge the authority of the Dutch and begging to be allowed to nominate their own officers. Van

Tienhoven said they were a band of "fugitives, vagabonds and thieves who had been driven out of New England on account of their misdoings." But the petition was granted after the most notorious troublemakers had given bail or had been banished.

Pell, however, maintained his title to a strip of land just south of the present city line from the East River to the Bronx River, including Pelham Island, High Island, Harts Island, City Island and Hunters Island. Part of his ambition was the founding of a great city on City Island which would successfully compete with New Amsterdam and control the commerce of both Westchester and Long Island.

TITLE FROM INDIANS

Much of Pell's title was derived from a "purchase" made by him of the Indian who killed Anne Hutchinson and who called himself, as was the custom of his tribe in such achievements, "Ann Hook."

Connecticut surrendered all title to these lands to the English Colonial Government of New York in 1664. Three months before the surrender ten families from Fairfield, Conn., got from Pell permission to settle at Hutchinson's River, near the site of the widow's burned home. For a long time this settlement was known as the "Ten Farms." Later it became Eastchester. It was really a little north of the Widow Hutchinson's homestead and evenly straddled the crossing of the river by the present city line.

Each village had become thickly settled in 1761. Their affairs were always of mutual concern. They made common cause against the folk of the Dutch settlements south and west, and we have told in a previous article how Jan Arcer (or John Archer) went out from Westchester to Fordham and nearly drove to madness the Dutchmen coming up through Harlem, Washington Heights and Fort George to settle in the Bronx.

In St. Paul's Church in Eastchester Village, New York City has yet a colonial relic of the greatest sentimental and aesthetic value. It was begun in 1761 by the villagers and finished

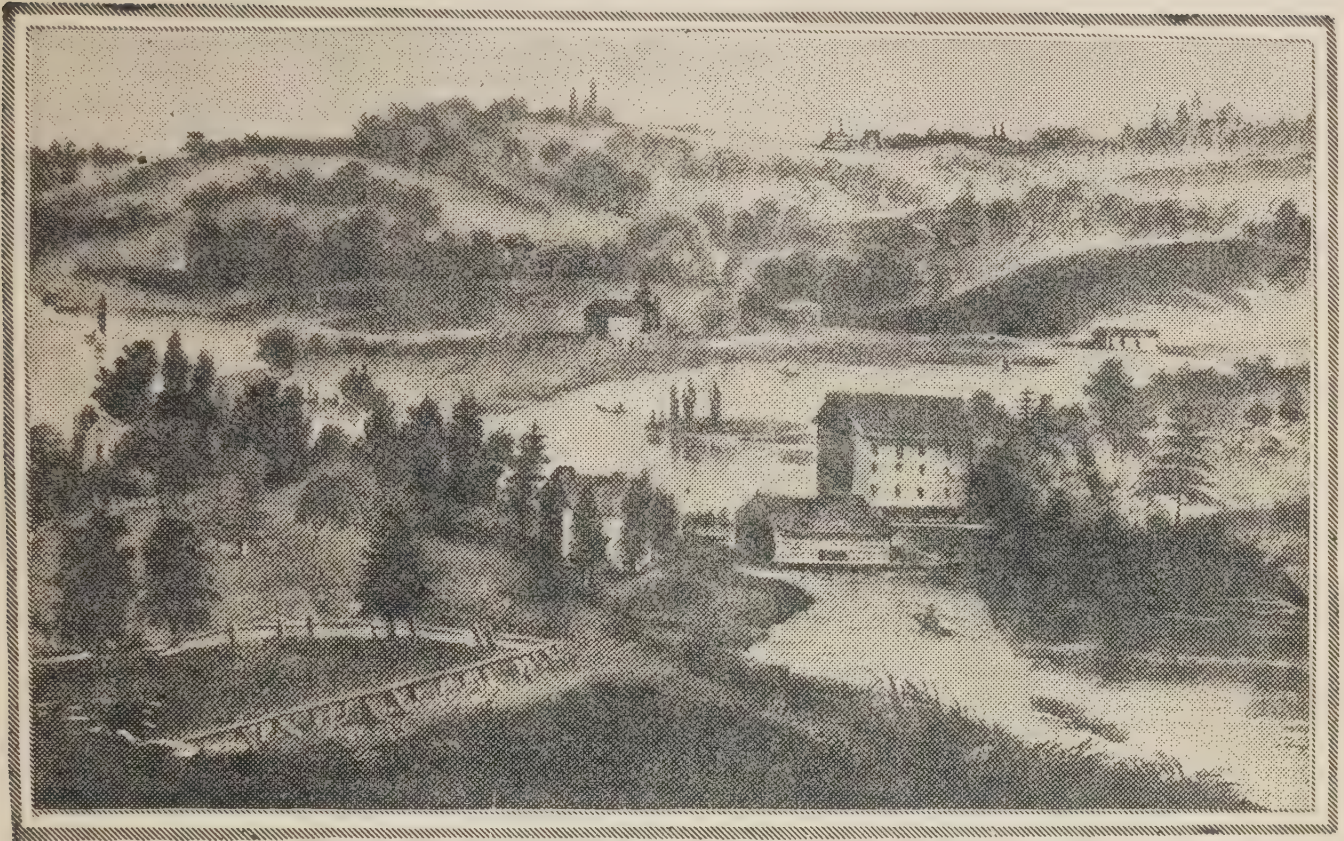
four years later. It was to take the place of a frame church standing nearby, which was built in 1699.

During the Revolution, while the British held the ground, the new brick church was used as a hospital for the Hessian troops. In the winter the Hessians tore down the frame church for firewood. Among the historical treasures of the church are a bell made in 1758 and a prayer book and Bible just about as old. These were buried by the Americans when the success of the British advance was certain and were dug up after the colonies achieved independence.

The liberality of the Dutch who established the Vriedlandt as a refuge for religious exiles from the English colonies did not adhere to the land. The authorities of Westchester Village in 1670 expelled Katharine Harrison, a newcomer from Wethersfield, on the ground she was reputed to be a witch. She pleaded to remain, for a time successfully, but was rather gently forced away in the end on the ground that her presence caused the villagers to be "made uneasy."

The first enterprise other than agricultural or milling to be established in the Westchester Village area was apparently shipbuilding, as is recorded in a bill of sale rendered by "John Leggett of Westchester, Province of New York, shipwright, to Jacob Leysler of N. Y., merchant, a good Pulck or ship, Susannah of N. Y., now laying in this harbor and by said Leggett built in Broncks River near Westchester."

The flood of habitations which covered the ground of the Bronx and united its hamlets spread immeasurably faster than that in any other borough of the city once it got under way and the public mind grasped the opportunities afforded by latter day transportation. Not even the present rush to cover up all unimproved real estate in Queens has moved more rapidly, especially in respect of the building of large tenements at low rentals. The present Bronx activity has taken the same character as that in Queens—that of erecting big apartment houses with garden surroundings to be tenanted by persons who would have scoffed ten years ago at the prediction that they would ever move into any borough except Manhattan or Brooklyn to live in an apartment house; the day has gone by when the homeseeker in the Bronx is looking only for a house to himself or to half of a two-family house.



From a print in the collection of J. Clarence Davies, reproduced in "The Story of the Bronx" by Stephen Jenkins (Putnam.)

THE FIRST KINGSBRIDGE

MORRISANIA, WEST FARMS AND SOUTH "YOUNCKHEER'S"

JONAS BRONCK, who took title from the West India Company to the lower corner of the Bronx in 1639 and later took over a larger area from the Indians by dealing with them directly, died in 1643. The property was afterward held by his widow, who married Arent Van Corlaer (a man highly respected and trusted by the Indians), and others, including Samuel Edsall, maker of beaver hats and Indian interpreter. The Indians may by his time have begun to understand that they were selling their lands and not merely receiving tokens of friendships from their guests. Richard Morris of Barbadoes later bought it for himself and his brother Lewis. The brothers agreed that if either died without heirs, the heirs of the other should inherit the whole.

Richard died and his son, Lewis, was brought up by his uncle, who disapproved of his nephew heartily. The uncle was a Quaker, though he was called "Colonel," being commander of the Westchester militia. One of the sinful acts of young Lewis which troubled the guardian was that the boy's Quaker tutor came in one day with a moving tale that the voice of God had spoken to him from the sky, telling him to go into the wilderness and preach to the Indians. Whereupon his pupil owned up that the voice was his own, spoken from the top of a tall tree.

In the interval of the second Dutch jurisdiction much of the Morris estate had been confiscated; only 500 acres were held for the youth, who was regarded as not tainted by the service his uncle had rendered as an officer under the King of England.

When the Morris returned after the British were in power again, Gov.

Andros not only confirmed them in their right to the 500 acres but granted them some 1,400 more, forming the Manor of Morrisania, nearly one-half of the great tract taken over from the Indians in their dealings with the Keskeskeck (sometimes called Weckquaesgeek) Indians in 1639. The manor hall was at the old Bronck homestead and a small village grew up about it.

Midway of the manor ran Mill Brook, so named for the number of grist mills and saw mills which were built upon it even before the Revolution. The scapegrace nephew of Col. Morris became a conspicuous citizen. His uncle's will disinheriting him was found defective. He was for a time Governor of New Jersey and the first American born Chief Justice of the Province of New York. His descendants, inheriting his sturdy independence of royal dictation, were conspicuous patriots in the Revolution.

Long before the Bronck farm and the other territory was granted to Morris, Edward Jessup and John Richardson had taken over a wedge-shaped tract based on the Harlem River between the Bronx River (west of Cornell's or Clason Point) and the Sackwraung Creek (the east border of the Bronck - Morris grants). This was called West Farms. At the blunted point of the wedge was the village of West Farms. Sometimes the district was called the Twelve Farms, because the original grantees so divided it.

On the Harlem, between West Farms and the original Broncksland, was a stony, half submerged meadow claimed by both Col. Morris and the West Farms grantees. In a trial at law Col. Morris lost. His heirs apparently gained it by purchase and it became Port Morris, the great freight terminal of the New Haven system on the north bank of the Harlem.

Randall Comfort, whose history of Bronx Borough was prepared for the Bronx - Home News, describes the wrecking of an old stone house, which probably stood in the days of Morris Manor, and which was known to the oldest memories as the "Jennings homestead" and later as Drovers Inn and the Old Stone Jug. It was on the west side of the Boston Post Road south of Jefferson Avenue. The old Hammer Hotel of later origin was on the site of the present court house.

As late as 1848 Gouverneur Morris 2d sold 200 acres in Morrisania, which were subdivided into city lots by promoters at \$10 a lot. This was six years after the new New York and Harlem Railroad published its time tables with Morrisania set down as "New Village" in a list of stations which ended at Williamsbridge, a hamlet which grew about a bridge in the Bronx, built by John Williams, a farmer, before the Revolution and became a populous.

The railroad made great changes among the villages. It drew Fordham away from Spuyten Duyvil. It created Wakefield near the present city line, and then the two Olinville villages named after Bishop Olin. At a com-

munity which built itself up to the west of West Farms Village and which was at first called South Fordham, it created the post office community of Tremont. The village of Fairmount grew up between West Farms and Tremont and then united them. Westchester Village was left isolated and for a time lost population. Unionport, organized long after the Revolution, had the proportions of a city; it had water transportation through the improvements made by the United States in Westchester Creek. The railroad station named "Morrisania" was placed far north of the Manor House, and even north of the hamlet of Melrose.

Most of us have forgotten that Lewis Morris, the signer of the Declaration, tried to have Morrisania made the capital of the United States in a memorial dated Oct. 1, 1790. He pointed out that it had a harbor never closed by ice; was particularly noted for health and salubrity; was situated so that vessels could get in and out from sea in five or six hours, and that it was perfectly secure from foreign invasion or native insurrection. Within a generation this spirit came to life again among promoters who wanted Morrisania made the Atlantic steamship terminal for this port in preference to the North River improvements off Chelsea and the Staten Island project.

The revolutions in Central Europe had as much to do with the multiplication and then the amalgamation of the communities in the Bronx as the railroad. Only since formation of Greater New York has its population begun to lose the Teutonic characteristics which it had until it ceased to be known as "the Annexed District."

North of Fordham Manor, extending eight miles up the Hudson River from Spuyten Duyvil, was, in Dutch times, Colen Donck. The northern boundary was the present north boundary of Yonkers. On its eastern side was the Bronx River. The south boundary was Spuyten Duyvil Creek. It was one of the very few patroon grants made in the limits of the present New

York City, and was given to de Jonkheer Adrien Van der Donck, a young man of Burgher rank and finished education. He had his troubles with Gov. Peter Stuyvesant and probably never lived in his little empire. Through his widow the property came into the hands of her brother, Elias Doughty. The tract, at first called Neppehaem, after the Indian name of the river running through it, was later known as "Colen" (Colony) "Donck" and finally as "Younckheer's," or Yonkers.

Doughty sold a big piece of land to Frederick Phillipse of Phillipsburg Manor, a very rich man whose enemies accused him of being everything from a partner of pirates and smugglers to a traitor to the cause of the Continental Congress. His lands were confiscated when he ran away to England in 1776.

The southern part of the Colen Donck, or "South Younckheer's," was sold off by Doughty to George Tippet and William Betts. The north branch of Spuyten Duyvil Creek took Tippet's name. It was the real Mosholu of the Indians. The greater part of their purchase went into the hands of the Van Cortlandts and DeLanceys, who built many mills throughout the Bronx, following the example of the founder of the American Van Cortlandt family, Jacobus. In the course of time Edwin Forrest, the actor, came into possession of the present site of the Convent of Mount St. Vincent de Paul, which he made over to the Sisters of Charity, after they were crowded out of Central Park in 1856 by condemnation proceedings.

Most of the Tippet and Betts land went to small farmers or for out of town homes of wealthy New Yorkers. The district south of the present city line was made into the town of Kingsbridge in 1892. Kingsbridge itself had its first start as a noticeable community when the Macomb estate was cut up into small building lots in about 1850.

The writers must acknowledge their repeated recourse to the "Story of the Bronx" by Stephen Jenkins (Putnam) and Bolton's "History of Westchester."



(From a Model Group in the Museum of the Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences.)

THE THIRD AND LAST INDIAN MASSACRE AT OUDE DORP, S. I. PROVOKED BY ATTORNEY GENERAL VAN DYCK'S MURDER OF A SQUAW POACHING PEACHES FROM HIS MANHATTAN FARM

THE BUYING OF STATEN ISLAND FROM THE INDIANS

MANY historians—all historians, indeed, who are especially interested in Staten Island, are quite certain that Henry Hudson anchored in 1609 in the little harbor called for many years "The Cove," a little east of Tompkinsville, where there was another anchorage called Butler's Cove. Also they believe that there one of his sailors, John Coleman, was shot dead with an arrow in a fight with Staten Island Indians, who had come out in a canoe to look at his ship, the Half Moon, and were alarmed and hostile when Coleman and four others in a small boat came up unexpectedly. Coleman, they say, was buried on Sandy Hook, at Coleman's Point.

There are other writers who locate the place of the killing in the Hudson near the Indian village which was on the hills where is now Greenwich Village. There are still others who assert that it was at the Round Meadows, near Grant's Tomb or at Yonkers.

The diary of Robert Jouet, Hudson's mate, indicates that Coleman was

killed before the exploring expedition went up the Hudson. Coming down the river, Hudson was continually attacked by war parties stirred up by hostages who escaped from him near Albany and by the cutting off of the hands of an Indian who tried to climb into one of his small boats. He made no attempt at a landing, outbound.

INDIAN TROUBLES

Later adventurers found that the Indians had been greatly troubled by the prospect of the return of Hudson or the coming of more white men; prophetically, they feared for their lives and their hunting grounds; they feared being driven into the hands of their overlords, the Mohawks. The Staten Island Indians were of the Raritan tribe; like all fish-eating Indians they were regarded as shiftless and cowardly by the other tribes; but they showed their fighting qualities when they believed a crisis had been reached.

Followers of Hudson found that immediately after the explorer's departure, the Indians had erected look-out towers on the highest point of Fort

Wadsworth and on Todt or Toad Hill in the middle of the island, about two and a half miles northwest from Midland Beach. Here signals were to be given to all Indians on the island to rally to repel white invaders.

It is a commentary on the primitive soundness of the first principles of military engineering that the red men should have selected Fort Wadsworth. For the Dutch who finally overpowered their arrows, spears and hatchets with gunpowder, bullets and steel blades took Fort Wadsworth for their stronghold. In the Revolution the British made it a strongpoint and its present fortifications, though far short of World War standards, are testimony that the judgment of the Indians has never been questioned.

For a time it was a fortification maintained by the State of New York, erected during the War of 1812. The United States took it over and rebuilt it into the present masked batteries of heavy artillery.

On Todt Hill, 410 feet above the sea level, the civil engineer of our own time acknowledged the engineering genius of the Indian by erecting

one of the two range lights for the Ambrose Channel. It is the highest point on the Atlantic Coast between Maine and Florida. The other light is on the beach.

Ira K. Morris in his History of Staten Island states his confidence that the Indians called it Aquehougha Man-ack-nong "the Place of the Bad Woods." Hudson gave it the name of Staaten Eyelandt—"The Island of the States" of Holland.

COMING OF THE WALLOONS

Wassenaer, visiting Staten Island in 1621, commented on the accurate knowledge of astronomy possessed by the women of the Raritans; he called them "most experienced star gazers."

The watchers on Todt Hill and the heights of the Narrows had only a year's vigil before a vessel sent out to seek furs on Hudson's report appeared off the Hook. The Indians, called to the shore by the beacons and smoke columns, "showed manifestations of displeasure." A landing party of soldiers and sailors was sent to parley with them. They reported back to the ship that no furs, only a fight, were to be had by attempting to go into the interior. The ship got a cargo of furs from the Mohawks up the Hudson. There was another landing, unsuccessful, from a fur ship in 1611. Hendrick Cortiansen, with several vessels in charge, in 1613 persuaded the Indians to let a trading party land and they visited every Indian settlement on the island.

The first who attempted permanent settlement on Staten Island were Walloons from the Scheldt and Flanders, speaking French, who had sought to settle in Virginia but did not like the terms Sir Dudley Carlton sought to impose. One of them is believed to have been George J. Rapelje; his daughter, Sarah, born June 9, 1625, was the first white girl born in the colony and possibly the first to have been born on Staten Island. The name is suggestive of thought for those who laughed, a month or two ago, when George W. Rappalyea, the spunky little engineer who stirred up the Scopes evolution trial at Dayton, Tenn., said he was descended "from one of the very oldest families of New York."

The Rapaljes later settled at Wallabout, on the Long Island side of the East River.

But whether they were in Manhattan, at Fort Orange (Albany) or Staten Island when Sarah was born is a debated question. The Staten Island colony lacking food, proper

homes and protection from the Indians abandoned the settlement and returned to Manhattan.

BARTERING FOR LAND

Under Dutch rule Staten Island was regarded as part of New Jersey; it was part of the patroon grant made to Michael Pauw in 1630. A patroon grant was one of eight miles square for every fifty colonists furnished by the patroon. We have so far found but three such grants in the Greater New York area—Pauw's, that of Van der Donck at Yonkers, and Cornelis Melyn, a later Staten Island landholder. The only reminder of Pauw's name hereabout is "Communipaw," which most of us have assumed to be an Indian name.

Once again arises the question whether the land "purchases" of the European settlers were understood by the parties of the second part—the red men.

The white man came with gifts of cloth, steel weapons, rum, cooking pots and garden tools. The interchange of ideas was by signs and by language which was understood only by the side to which it pertained. Pointing out huts and animal pelts and with sweeping gestures the white man showed where he wished freedom to hunt, to keep domestic animals, to build shelter and to trade. He offered his gifts as though in token of appreciation and friendship. He asked the Indian chiefs to make marks at the bottom of a parchment; but did the red man know he was parting with his title to the land on which his tribe had lived and intended to live forever? We proffer the suggestion that he did not.

Later, when the communications became mutually understood (as either side learned something of the other's manner of speech and customs) the Indian perhaps did understand he was bartering land for a price, as he did his furs, and that he must abandon his birthright to the purchaser.

We feel this is indicated by the price demanded by the Raritans in 1670, a generation later, when both sides had interpreters, for the sale of Staten Island to the British Crown represented by Gov. Lovelace. Here a real consideration worthy of being called a purchase price passed:

"Four hundred fathom of wampum, 30 matched boots, 8 coats of duren's (a cloth), made up; 30 shirts, 30 kettles, 20 guns, 1 firkin of powder, 60 barrels of lead, 30 axes, 30 howes (hoes), 50 knives."

With such stores and munitions the Raritans could take and hold any new home to which they emigrated from that which they had sold.

And in further token of their understanding that in this trade, at last, they knew they were selling land and its produce, they gave in receipt a tuft of sod and twigs from every kind of tree that grew upon the island, excepting only the willow and ash—and for years they insisted on their reserved right to return to Staten Island to gather willow and ash, their materials for basket making.

The historian Morris gravely remarks, however, of the successive payments to Indians of merchandise by settlers on Staten Island: "Whatever the purchasers may have been, it is certain that the Indians were dishonest in their sales of Staten Island; for there is proof they repeatedly sold it, and the value of the articles paid varied considerably." He seems to attribute to the aboriginal savages the low cunning of some of our modern heathen who sell the Brooklyn Bridge and Central Park "repeatedly" to newly arrived strangers. Staten Islanders who follow us to our conclusions, however, may take pride that they live on the only land fairly acquired from the Indians on the Atlantic seaboard.

Pauw sold his Staten Island rights to the West India Company. Wouter Van Twiller, the fat and greedy Governor of Amsterdam, granted part of them to David Pietersen de Vries in 1636. De Vries built a fort back of Fort Wadsworth about where Arrochar is now.

Cornelis Melyn, who had visited the island in 1639, came back from Holland with a patroon patent for the "whole of Staten Island" and attempted to dispossess De Vries. There was, however, a clause in Melyn's charter excepting the grant to De Vries.

Cornelius Melyn was the same man who later so angrily seconded the criticism by Jochem Pieter of Harlem leveled at Gov. William Kieft, that Kieft had the two of them carried as prisoners in irons on his voyage home after Stuyvesant had succeeded them—the voyage in which he perished in a storm acknowledging they were right. Melyn first started for America in 1639. His ship was captured by a French vessel out of Dunkirk and he lost almost everything he owned. In 1643 he again started for America with a small stock of goods for Indian trading a little later received his patroon grant probably given in consideration of his previous misfortunes.

The last pure-blooded Raritans on Staten Island were Sam, Hannah and his daughter, Nance, who lived on the Seaman estate near Richmond Village. Sam died in 1826.



THE PERINE HOUSE ON RICHMOND ROAD, NEAR GARRETSON'S, FOR MORE THAN 250 YEARS IN THE SAME FAMILY.

(Photos by P. L. Sperr, Staten Island.)

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, RICHMOND; BUILT IN 1709; PART OF ORIGINAL WALL STILL STANDING.

TOMPKINSVILLE, "THE OLD VILLAGE" AT FORT WADSWORTH, STONY BROOK, NEW DORP, RICHMOND VILLAGE

ONCE Tompkinsville (named after Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor of the State in the War of 1812 and later Vice President of the United States) was known only for its anchorage and the excellent potable water to be had from the spring which spurted out on the beach on the edge of Bay Street, near the foot of Richmond Turnpike. For

centuries, ships about to cross the Atlantic stopped at the "watering place."

At first, armed parties were sent ashore to protect from the Indians those who filled the casks. Later protection was suggested but not supplied from the block house on the hills behind. Gov. Tompkins, because he drew upon his own credit to meet the State's war needs in 1812, died poor. Stapleton, as Tompkinsville, became an official anchorage, built up its own shore trade and in time its limits and those of Tompkinsville overlapped. Clifton, like the other two towns, became a ferry station and suffered the same changes.

It was an incident of the Watering Place which led to the first massacre at Oude Dorp, the village which had grown up on the heights back of Fort Wadsworth, where De Vries, who had a grant from Wouter Van Twiller, had built the block-house on the site of the watch knoll from which the Indians, after Hudson returned home, kept vigil to repel further invasions.

In 1640, voyagers from New Amsterdam to the Scandinavian-Dutch settlements on the Delaware River stopped at the "Watering Place" to fill their casks. There were hogs running at large from the plantations of De Vries to which the voyagers helped themselves.

A routine report of "theft by parties unknown" was sent to Gov. Van Kieft. His investigators told him they thought the Indians were the thieves. The Governor sent his secretary, Van Tienhoven, to Staten Island with seventy soldiers to arrest the culprits. The soldiers turned the expedition into a murderous raid. Tienhoven, weak, washed his hands like Pilate and let the massacre go on.

Kieft was not displeased. He regarded the Indians as worthy of the worst. He had a rum distillery, either at Oude Dorp or New Brighton, and delighted in trading his product to the red men, or even in giving it to them to make them drunk so that he could abuse them and take advantage of them. There were murders of Dutch by Indians and Indians by

Dutch. Kieft offered a bounty of ten fathoms of wampum for a Raritan head, with a bonus of ten fathoms more if it were the head of an Indian known to have killed a white man.

In 1841 the fighting men of five tribes, summoned from far inland on both banks of the Hudson and from New Jersey, fell on the settlement of the gentle and understanding De Vries at Oude Dorp and wiped it out.

Roger Williams, who was trusted by the Indians, interceded with the Raritans. Six huts and dugouts were established among the ruins of the seven comfortable log houses of the first settlement by De Vries. Kieft paid no attention to the conciliatory work of Williams, and so abused the Indians that eleven tribes gathered and attacked every unprotected settlement from the Connecticut River to Delaware. Oude Dorp was laid in ashes again.

Then the Mohawks started a war against the inferior tribes which came to New Amsterdam for sanctuary. Kieft got drunk the night of Feb. 22, 1643, and signed an order for the massacre of all these refugee Indians in spite of the petitions of Dominie Bogardus of New Amsterdam and De Vries.

The Indians learned of the intervention of De Vries and appreciated it. De Vries returned to Oude Dorp and became the colony's ambassador to the Indians, who gradually quieted down.

There was peace for eleven years. There were eleven bouweries or farms on Staten Island with Oude Dorp as the informal capital or market place. There were little villages on the Kill van Kull; there was a hamlet at Nieuw Dorp and an even more important hamlet at Stony Brook or Dover, just south of Nieuw Dorp, where the Amboy Road makes a sharp-angled curve to the west.

But former Attorney General Van Dyck of New Amsterdam saw a squaw knocking peaches from his pet tree and shot her. In a few days 1,900 Indians from Esopus, Hackensack ("Bergain"), Stamford and the Tappan Zee and several detachments of Mohicans invaded New Amsterdam from the Hudson shore. They got drunk and would not leave; there was

much fighting. The soldiers, constabulary and militia drove them away. The Indians went to Staten Island; again Oude Dorp was destroyed; it was never rebuilt.

In time, besides the collection of dwellings and stores which ordinarily grow about the entrance to an army post, there were road houses back of the Fort Wadsworth position—and after the building of the railroad, suburban towns, like Arrochar and seaside resorts like South Beach, Midland Beach and Woodland Beach. But before the railroad there was Rosebank, back of Quarantine, where the Italian patriot Garibaldi had his home and candle factory, and where hundreds of families of Italian descent but sound American citizenship live together more comfortably on the slopes of Staten Island than their ancestors among the olive orchards on the sometimes sunnier slopes of Italy.

New Dorp now includes Stony Brook. The county seat went to Richmond, where there were three court houses before St. George became the Borough and County capital. Richmond was once Cuckoldstowne and when the gallows and whipping post and jail were near the junction of Richmond and Arthur Kill Roads the Cuckoldstown Inn stood on the later site of the Barton House opposite. In the same neighborhood St. Andrew's Church, established by Queen Anne, still has the silver communion service with which she presented it in 1711. North of these older towns are Grant City and Dongan Hills, which takes its name from the liberal Catholic Governor who was recalled by King James for not being ruthless enough against the enemies of the Roman Church and came back to Staten Island, a private citizen, to be its largest landholder.

There is material in the chronicles of the Staten Island ferries and the Vanderbilt family for a whole book. Jacob Van der Bilt went from Flatbush to Staten Island in 1718. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt was born on a farm east of Port Richmond in 1794. Less than a century afterwards the farm was included in Prohibition Park, laid out when Dr. Funk and Dr. A. Boole and other eminent teetotallers gained satisfaction from enforcing prohibition within their own holdings though it was not yet the law of the nation.

Young Cornelius, a farmer, wanted to go to sea. His good mother promised him \$100 with which to buy his own boat if he would complete an impossible task on the farm. Young Cornelius, by promising excursions in the prospective boat, got voluntary

aid from his companions and finished the task. He used the boat, a little sloop, as a ferry to Manhattan, and in a year, at seventeen, returned the \$100 to his mother and \$1,000 more. He died at eighty-three, the greatest railroad and ship owner in the world and the richest man in the United States. The Commodore, or those in competition with him, started all the ferries which later had terminals from St. George to Clifton on a shore front now covered with the new municipal piers.

For his invalid son, William H. Vanderbilt, the Commodore long after he had moved to Stapleton and then to Manhattan, bought a farm at New Dorp. He had small opinion of his son's ability or business sense. William H. fooled him. He made the farm pay \$1,000 a month; once William asked the Commodore to sell him a "load of fertilizer."

"Take what you want," said the busy old man, testily, "and don't bother me about a cart of manure."

William H. took a big scow load—which was one reason why the farm paid such big dividends. Cornelius became reconciled to his son and made him his successor.

It seems but yesterday when the writers, one a novice reporter and the other little more than an apprentice, stood at the back of St. Bartholomew's, in Madison Avenue, recording the funeral of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the grandson of the Commodore, and heard the rich tones of the voice of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Henry Codman Potter come rolling in echo down from the roof:

"And now, the family and his more intimate associates in life will accompany the mortal part of our departed friend to the Moravian burying ground in Staten Island, where he shall rest among his fathers."

The Moravian burying ground has been at New Dorp since the days of the first Vanderbilt of the village. It was there before. Its most conspicuous feature to-day is the mausoleum of the Vanderbilts on the hillside rising towards Todt Hill (Death Hill) where fugitives from Oude Dorp 300 years ago were put to death by Raritan Indians.

Nearly all these northeast shore communities have grown together so that their old boundaries are not easily marked. But until Staten Island has more transportation lines than any which is in sight at this writing, its people will be able to reach open country by a short walk for many years to come and also to ride from village to village through country lanes—a privilege which not all of them seem to appreciate.



(From a Miniature Model of the S. I.
Inst. of Arts and Sciences)

CONFERENCE BETWEEN LORD HOWE, COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FORCES, AND THE AMERICAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE, IN THE OLD BILLOPP HOUSE.

OLD TOTTEVILLE AND OTHER STATEN ISLAND TOWNS OF THE SOUTH SHORE

JAMES, DUKE OF YORK, Lord Proprietor of the domains of his brother, Charles II., in America, was annoyed in 1664 because the Dutch and French of New Jersey and old New Amsterdam were not disposed to accept his ownership of Staten Island. The Dutch grant to Michael Pauw in New Jersey had covered Staten Island. Pauw had sold his Staten Island rights to the Dutch West India Company, which had surrendered New Amsterdam to the English. The French, though Huguenots and Protestants, did not like the English, anyway.



(Photo by Adam Dove, Copied by Loeffler)

THE BILLOPP HOUSE AT TOTTEVILLE, BUILT IN 1688, AND NOW FALLING TO RUIN

Whereupon James, Duke of York, rose on his royal prerogatives and delivered himself in 1688 of a ruling which sounded so impressive in its arrogant impudence that it was

accepted by every one in interest.

"Any island lying in the harbor of New York," he decreed, "which can be circumnavigated in twenty-four hours, shall belong to the Colony of

New York, otherwise it shall belong to New Jersey."

Capt. Christopher Billopp, master of a fast sloop, undertook to prove that Staten Island belonged to the Duke of York's dominion. According to some traditions his ship was the Bentley Manor. Another tradition is that he added to the power of his sails by taking on a deck load of empty barrels with their open mouths opening on either side of the vessel to catch the wind.

At any rate, Capt. Billopp got around the island in twenty-three hours. And in consideration of this very practical demonstration of seamanship the Duke conferred upon Capt. Billopp 1,163 acres on a spot of his own choosing. Capt. Billopp took the southwestern point of the island. There he built himself a home of stone and brick and frame. The house is there to-day. It is in sadly dilapidated condition, going to pieces all the more rapidly since it was a summer boarding house for guests from Manhattan twenty-five years or more ago. William B. Harmon, for the Harmon National Realty Company, which now owns the house, has offered to give the house and the land on which it stands to the city if the city or any responsible organization will acquire the remainder of the ten acre plot, undertake to restore the building to its original condition and provide for its maintenance as a historic memorial.

The Park Committee of the South Shore Protective Association, of which W. Lynn McCracken is Chairman, in co-operation with the Staten Island Historical Society, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences and the Park Commission are working toward the acceptance of the gift.

So much of the house as still stands reveals Capt. Christopher Billopp as a thoroughgoing builder. He brought cement and bricks from Belgium and England, and he put himself up a house with walls so thick that no ordinary thief of building material has preyed upon them in spite of the apparent opportunity for plunder. A tornado a few years ago tore off great patches of the roof. Supports of the porch have slipped from their footing since the accompanying photograph (made in 1896) was taken.

Christopher Billopp's daughter, Eugenia Billopp, was married to her cousin, Thomas Farmar, who took the name of Billopp to perpetuate it. In revolutionary days, Christopher Billopp, their grandson, elected to remain loyal to King George III. On

the arrival of Lord Howe he resigned as "Chief of Police of Richmond County" and raised a battalion of infantry among his neighbors who were like minded with him. Staten Island in those days was populated with English immigrants, rich and poor, a great number of whom were not in step with the Revolutionary movement. Howe made Christopher Billopp a Lieutenant-Colonel for his services. After the war his estate was forfeited to the State of New York.

While Col. Billopp was fighting for his King in command of his battalion, the house and outbuilding were used as a British Barmacks and officers' quarters. Staten Island, protected from surprise attack by water and also by the friendly disposition of many of its inhabitants to the English Government, was a great British camp. General Washington, it will be remembered, promoted the Pole, Pulaski, for fighting the gun which silenced a British outpost battery on Governor's Island.

It was in the Billopp house that Lord Howe received the Committee of the Continental Congress which desired to outline to him the terms on which a peace could be arranged. The committee had authority only to base its negotiations on the pledge that the United States should be released from all allegiance to the King and the Government of Great Britain and should enjoy entire liberty to govern itself.

The American Committee members were Benjamin Franklin of Philadelphia, John Adams of Massachusetts and Edward Rutledge of South Carolina. They were not empowered to discuss the only proposal Lord Howe could make, that forgiveness would be extended to all American rebels who surrendered and expressed penitence. Lord Howe said he could not even treat with them as officials of the Congress but merely as private citizens. To which Mr. Adams is said to have made reply:

"Your Lordship may consider me in whatever light you please, and indeed, I should be willing to consider myself for a few moments in any character which would be agreeable to Your Lordship—except that of a British subject."

Lord Howe's public comment on this reply was merely the remark that Mr. Adams seemed to be a decided character. But his real feelings were better shown when he made out his list of "unpardonable rebels," with the name of Adams well up to the front. John Adams, however, was the first Minister of the United States to Great Britain.

Just what authority the maker of the model pictured here had for the pointed reminder that there was no Volstead act in Revolutionary days, is not apparent, unless the artist took cognizance that no formal ceremony, domestic, commercial or political, was in those days without its materially stimulating supply as inspiration.

In that day the little gatherings of farm houses through the island were so inconsiderable that in 1670, according to the "Condensed History of Staten Island," by Charles W. Leng and Edward C. Delevan, that Daniel Denton, a Long Island colonist, wrote that it was "most of it very good land, full of timber and produceth all such commodities as Long Island doth; there is but one town upon it, consisting of English and French, but it is capable of entertaining more inhabitants. There is very great marshes and meadows on both sides of it, excellent good land and good conveniences for the settling of several towns."

Mr. Leng and Mr. Delevan, who are most careful students of Richmond history, are satisfied with the arguments of George W. Tuttle that Denton meant Dover (or Stony Brook, for a time county seat) when he said there was but "one town." On the site of old Stony Brook, which is now regarded as a part of New Dorp neighborhood, there is now standing but one house, by no means impressive, in the sharp turn of the Amboy Road south of New Dorp.

In 1677 the scouts for the Labadist community in the course of their survey of New York lands, made a hike through eastern and southern Staten Island. Where now are Great Kills, Eltingville, for a hundred years since their exploration a farming town; Huguenot, a settlement of refugees who had come from Rochelle through Holland; Pleasant Plains, Prince's Bay and Richmond Valley and even Tottenville, they "lost their way repeatedly in the woods, going from one plantation to another, hot and pestered with mosquitoes." They also found several English households where the woman of the house was "very cross" and would give them no aid in their troubles.

Tottenville became in time not only one of the ferry gateways for commerce on the shortest route between New York and Philadelphia, but likewise a busy shipbuilding village. In the stimulated interest in skilful manoeuvring of boats caused by the existing Prohibition laws the ancient facility of the villagers in such matters is reported in many instances to have been revived.



THE VAN PELT HOUSE.



THE CROCHERON HOMESTEAD.

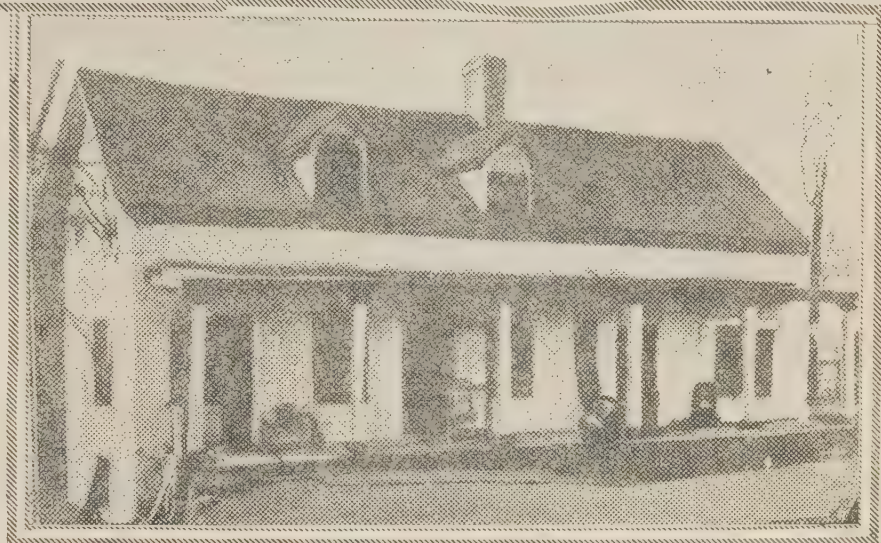
EARLY VILLAGES ALONG THE STATEN ISLAND KILLS

HE WHO has sailed through Arthur Kill and the Kill van Kull on the New Jersey side of Staten Island cannot but have been impressed by the once handsome houses facing these oily, grimy water courses and the factories and shipyards of the other shore. For generations these old homes, with their columned porches of two and three stories, have been known as the "homes of the oystermen."

In the days when the kills and Newark Bay were not polluted from the refuse of oil refineries and the nearby cities, the waters, the impregnation of salt weakened by many fresh streams like the Hackensack and Passaic Rivers and springs, were ideal for the "fattening" of oysters.

All New York Bay, Upper and Lower, and the North and East Rivers were oyster beds in the early colonial days. Early explorers wrote home of oysters taken by the Indians for drying as a winter food supply "which were as large as a man's hand."

The oystermen grew very rich and they built expensive homes overlooking the straits from which they gained their profit. Some twenty years ago Lewis Nixon, the shipbuilder, had his home in one of these mansions. Few if any of them are in condition or in surroundings to-day to make them available for any pur-



THE OLD CHRISTOPHER HOMESTEAD.

pose except rather unkempt tenement dwellings.

One of the springs, which was most noted among the many which brought to the surface on Staten Island fresh water drawn from reservoirs from far distant interior sources, was Hessian Springs at Richmond Terrace and Jersey Street. There was a deep ravine running back from the Kill van Kull before the virgin forest was cut down and the slow changes of grades began. It was reputed to be a smugglers' and pirates' harbor, where ships could get water without the publicity attending on calling at the "watering place" at Tompkinsville. In the Revolution the ravine, cleared of its trees, was the site of a Hessian camp, which fixed the name of the springs.

The Pavilion Hotel has long since disappeared. Soon after the War of 1812 one Prentiss established this house with broad verandas after the Southern style at Richmond Terrace and Nicholas Street. It was a resort which made a particular appeal to Southerners. All the hotel servants were Negroes. During the Civil War many officers in the Confederate Army, especially those who knew New York more or less intimately through their West Point training, sent their women folk to live at the Pavilion. The Negro servants were collected on the porches on summer evenings or in the parlors in winter and gave minstrel shows.

New Yorkers who were living on Staten Island in the Civil War period and the succeeding years remember standing on the sidewalks and in the shadow of the trees near the hotel when these concerts were given out-

doors, enjoying them as a free entertainment. So much of the building as survived to recent years was made into a tenement house.

Higher on the hill, east of the site of the Pavilion—which took its name from a bathing pavilion on the beach before he acquired means to build his hotel—the Castleton Hotel was afterward built. It maintained many of the Southern traditions of the Pavilion. Back of the Castleton site—the hotel was burned in a fire which lighted the Upper Bay in 1907—are the ruins of Fort Knyphausen, a British fortification.

Sailors' Snug Harbor dates from 1831, when the income of the Manhattan farm of Capt. Richard Randall, who had amassed a fortune as "an honest privateer," was sufficient to buy and maintain the home for aged and disabled sailors on Staten Island. The grave of Capt. Randall, marked with a Saint-Gaudens bronze, is near the entrance.

Compared with the Degroot-Pelton house at Pelton Avenue and Richmond Terrace, the Sailors' Snug Harbor is a group of new buildings. The Degroot home was built in 1730. The stone walls of the present house survive from that time. The brick part of the house was not built until 1832. Major Andre, who was hanged for being a spy working in liaison with Benedict Arnold, was quartered in this house for some time.

There are very few landmarks left along the Kill van Kull and Arthur Kill. Even those listed as still standing in the City History Club's "Landmarks" as lately as 1823 are disappearing.

The Dongan home, built by Gov. Thomas Dongan in 1687, was torn down in 1878. It was on Richmond Terrace, near the Clove Road. Thomas Dongan, relieved of his post for not being an oppressor of those who disagreed with his monarch in religion, came back to Staten Island and lived there many years. He acquired vast tracts of property not only on the island, where he had lived while he was Governor, but on the Hudson.

The records show that on one occasion the absence of the Governor from a Council meeting in Manhattan was attributed to the fact that His Excellency was "at his hunting lodge on Staten Island killing bears." Dongan returned to his ancestral home in Ireland and became Earl of Limerick.

Very near the Dongan mansion was a spring surrounded by vast shell heaps, which was reputed to have been a traditional gathering place for the representatives of Atlantic Coast Indians assembled in conclave.

A little farther along the Richmond Terrace, near Port Richmond, is the house where Gen. Santa Ana of Mexico was hidden as a refugee from Mexico. He was brought to Staten Island on a schooner which Gilbert Thompson, son-in-law of Vice President Tompkins, had built in the cove at the Hessian Camp. When the General determined to return to Mexico and oust Juarez his enthusiastic compatriots put him in a piano box and smuggled him through Elizabethport to Delaware and put him on a ship.

He was captured and sentenced to death, but his sentence was commuted to exile and he returned to live with the Thompsons in the "Marble House" in New Brighton, which was later remodeled into St. Mark's Hotel. Santa Ana after a time made his home in the old DuBois house in West New Brighton.

The remains of the Post house on the land of the Downey shipyards mark another Staten Island home of Major Andre, where members of patriot families often appealed to him successfully to repress the rough Hessians who nagged them. At Willow Brook Road is the crossing of the Blazed Trail and Willow Brook Trail in 1793. A little to the left is the Christopher house where the patriot Committee of Safety met at night in secret, coming separately to the meetings through swamp paths.

There are many reminders of the Huguenot immigration in the names of some of the landmarks in this area as well as on the southern shore of the island. At the southwest corner of Watchogue Avenue and Willow Brook Road was the Mersereau house and south of it, near Rockland Avenue, is the site of the house built in 1690 by William Simonson, whose father, Simon La Blant, had changed his name after his arrival. On Travis Avenue, near Richmond Avenue, in New Springville, is the Crocheron house, with the remains of a still older house built by John Crocheron, who escaped the Huguenot massacres in France by having himself coopered up in a hogshead and shipped on a vessel bound for New York.

TAVERN LANDMARK GONE

The Bull's Head Tavern, which stood until thirty-five years ago at the little hamlet of Bull's Head, was a resort for British officers and native sympathizers during the Revolution. In Port Richmond, opposite Bayonne, was the hotel where Aaron Burr died in poverty after his separation from Mme. Jumel, who married him out

of pity, but overestimated her supply of that commodity. It stood on the site of the home of Isaac Decker, which was burned by Continental soldiers in a raid led by Gen. Sullivan. Decker had served as pilot for the British fleet bringing in Howe's soldiers. Judge David Mersereau built a home there and it later became successively the Port Richmond, Continental, St. James and Danner's Hotel.

Princes Bay, Woodrow, and a score of small hamlets did not become villages until well along into the last century. The names of many of them have changed. Linoleumville was New Blazing Star and had the ferry over which the New York-Philadelphia mail coach route was operated.

Rossville, before 1830, was Blazing Star Village and before that Smoking Point; it was the Staten Island landing place for the ferries between Manhattan and South Amboy. Green Ridge, afterwards known as Marshland, was a more important centre a hundred years ago than it is to-day; it was a Huguenot hamlet and, as Fresh Kill, had forty or fifty dwellings. Richmond Valley was a town before Billopp had any neighbors at Bentley Manor; Princes Bay and Pleasant Plains were busy little villages strung out along lanes leading away from the main highways to the Ocean and the Arthur Kill; two generations ago they had many residents noted as artists in the musical world.

QUARANTINE BASE ATTACKED

Seguine's Point was used by the United States as a quarantine station in the cholera scares just before the Civil War; enraged Staten Islanders, led by Eugene B. Halle and Capt. Abraham Latourette, burned down the buildings—as a similar institution had been previously burned at Tompkinsville; the hospitals had been conducted with criminal carelessness and had infected the surrounding villages. Judge Metcalfe took cognizance of this and discharged those accused of arson as fast as they were brought before him. Annadale at Seaside, which formerly included Eltingville, a farm centre, was named for Mrs. Anna Seguine.

Concord was once Dutch Farms. The new name was in compliment to Judge William Emerson, who frequently entertained Ralph Waldo Emerson and Charles Thoreau at his home there while they worked on their literary tasks. Castleton Corners, the home of Walter Dongan, heir of the Earl of Limerick, was called Four Corners and took its name from the Manor of Castleton, one of the largest Dongan grants,



(From an old copper engraving in N. P. Willis's "American Scenery," published in London)

THE VISUAL TELEGRAPH STATION ON STATEN ISLAND AT THE NARROWS, BY WHICH SHIP ARRIVALS WERE SIGNALLED TO THE BATTERY

IN PREVIOUS articles of this series the writers have limited their effort to suggesting reminders of the villages which have been united in several generations into the boroughs of the great city which is now New York.

The following reminiscences of Staten Island since the Civil War come from Robert R. Wilkes, forty-two years a member of the staff of *The World* and *The Evening World*, and are supplemented by the traditions related to him by older members of his family, some of whom were dwellers in Staten Island in the eighteenth century.

RANDOM STATEN ISLAND REMINISCENCES OF THE LAST 100 YEARS

"One of my first visits to Manhattan from Staten Island," says Mr. Wilkes, "was when I went with my father and brother to Harlem. My father had bought five lots on 125th Street for \$800 each and went up to cancel the purchase because he learned the taxes had not been paid for a

year. It took us nearly one whole day to make the trip."

* * *

The Wilkes family came over from England in 1842 as a part of the immigration to Staten Island stimulated by John Crabtree, who started a colony of cloth printers from Sussex and neighboring counties of England. The English social atmosphere of Staten Island was so established before and during the Revolution that it was easy to hearten English immigrants to the venture. Among other families whose names still denote long residence on Staten Island—brought over by Crabtree—are the Sutcliffes, Cunliffs, Wilkinsons, Berrys, Wantys, Twyeffords, Hartleys, Fryers, Birds, Estabrooks, Edey, Corbetts, Olliffes, Hoars, Bowmans, Havens, Woods, Openshaws, Chrysties. The Crabtree Works, where the principal product was handkerchiefs, was at New Brighton.

* * *

Factoryville, where there were the rival dye works of the Barretts and the Staten Island Dyeing Company, took the name of West New Brighton some time after the war. It was a very busy industrial community. The ferries from New York made several

stops along the north and west shore. There was no public land transportation between these little ports. There were stops at Richmond, Elm Park, Long Dock, which was the port for Mariner's Harbor. About the most important landing was at New Brighton because of the silk and cotton print mills and the lumber and coal yards.

West New Brighton had a great baseball team—the Alaskas. Tom Estabrook, formerly of the New York Mets, was their star player. They overwhelmed the Alphas of New Brighton and the Omegas and all Staten Island turned out to see them do it. There were some lovely fights during and after the games.

* * *

The ferry landing at Clifton was called Vanderbilt Landing when Mr. Wilkes was a youngster. The Vanderbilts had a great house at Stapleton. As they prospered they built a still finer house farther back on Stapleton Hill. But members of the Wilkes family, themselves descended from the Vanderbilts of the New Dorp farm days, remember when their cousins and aunts came down to the ferries with berries and eggs and

chickens and vegetables for sale (and were very proud of the quality of their wares) and stayed to visit with their relatives.

* * *

The father of Mr. Wilkes organized the first newspaper delivery on Staten Island immediately after the Civil War. Before the days of the Rapid Transit railroad—and indeed for long after—the last boats for New York left the Staten Island ferries at 6 o'clock at night, and the last boats from Whitehall Street left for Staten Island at 8 o'clock. There were no boats from New York in the early morning.

The elder Wilkes sent agents to New York by the last evening boat to stay overnight to accumulate a full stock of morning papers; these they took to the New Jersey Central Railroad in Jersey City, carried them to Elizabethport and took them over the ferry to Port Richmond and from there fast horses—the best that money could buy—raced them through Staten Island by light carts or by sleigh to local carriers, and to the ferries where his sons, including Robert R., sold them on the boats to persons bound for business in New York City.

* * *

The memories of Staten Island ferries of most of us go back only to the Westfield, the Castleton and others of the era which immediately preceded the municipal ferries. Mr. Wilkes's memories are of another generation, when there was another Westfield, another Castleton and the Pomona, the Thomas P. Collyer and the Thomas L. Hunt.

It was from the deck of one of these that young Robert Wilkes, ten years old, saw the Mohawk, the yacht of Commodore William J. Garner of the New York Yacht Club, capsize off the club's station at Stapleton July 4, 1876, drowning the Commodore and Mrs. Garner. Mr. Garner was President of the North Shore ferry and had a conspicuous home at the head of Bard Avenue, which is now St. Vincent's Hospital.

Even before those were the boats operated on the ferry line owned by Daniel Tompkins, former Governor and Vice President of the United States, of whom Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote his sprightly lines of one who went

"—to Staten Island for fifty cents
On a steamboat of the Vice President's."

In those days the tall semaphore at Quarantine was used to signal to the Battery the news of arriving vessels. The system was the same as that used by the French for the transmission of military messages for many years. At

Quarantine it gave place to the electric telegraph. Wireless superseded it in getting earlier news and the mere arrival of vessels is now telegraphed from the Navesink Highlands light—where the "jamming" of wireless from many approaching and departing ships in a small area within a radius of twenty-five miles makes wireless communication unsatisfactory.

* * *

In recent years one Adams built the Nautilus Hotel over the spring called the "Watering Place" which made Tompkinsville Cove a supply base for outgoing vessels in Colonial times. Neighbors from all over the Island carried home drinking water from the hotel, referring to it pleasantly as "Adam's ale."

* * *

It is the memory of Mr. Wilkes that the changes from old homely names to pretty labels which have nothing to do with Staten Island history were made as preliminaries to real estate promotions of the hair cloth sofa era of art and literature and that these promotions sometimes left the newly named territory—divested of its pleasant farms and gardens and staked out into city lots—more forlorn than they found it. The present day profits which the first promoters sought have come to those who bought in their failures.

* * *

Antonio Meucci was the partner of Gen. Joseph Garibaldi in a candle factory in a hollow back of Clifton. Mr. Wilkes clearly remembers as a boy of six being allowed to talk and listen at an instrument connecting the factory and the Meucci home which Meucci called a "tellelephone." He clearly remembers witnessing Alexander Graham Bell's exhibition of a similar device at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia four years later.

Meucci filed a caveat for a patent long before Bell and Gray. He went bankrupt in purse and health. The American Bell Company was negotiating with him to extinguish his claim when he died, almost a pauper, in 1889.

* * *

One of the places where Mr. Wilkes could always find customers for his newspapers was John W. Scott's great livery and boarding stable at Clifton Avenue, near the ferry. At the back of the stable was a restaurant kept by Peter Guyon. There Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, his brother Jacob Vanderbilt, ferry owner; Jack Scott, the horseman; Capt. Braisted, ferry superintendent, and other great men of Staten Island resorted. They

played dominoes for drinks and oysters and chops.

While Braisted was superintendent there was an explosion in one of the ferryboats in its slip at Whitehall caused by the bursting of a negligently attended boiler. Many persons were scalded and some had bones broken in the panic.

An ugly crowd gathered outside the ferry house and agreed to go aboard the boat and kill the Negro fireman. Captain Braisted confronted them at the head of the companionway to the engine room with a revolver in each hand and drove them off the boat and out of the shed.

* * *

There were many noted New Yorkers who had homes in Staten Island in the last half of the last century. Among the families to which the Wilkes family delivered newspapers were the Appletons of the publishing house; John A. Dix, J. Frank Emmons and John H. Mayo, Sir Roderick Cameron, with his great game park; Erastus Wyman, whose enthusiasm for Staten Island led him into troubles with his firm, R. G. Dun & Co., and caused his death from worry and disgrace. L. H. Meyer owned all South Beach as a home estate. The Phelps Stokeses and the wealthy Greens also had Staten Island homes.

But the memory of the boy of those days is not for those men. It is for the Wyman Park on the old St. George cricket field where the Mets played ball in the daytime and the Kiralfys presented at night gaudy spectacles with hundreds of dancing girls such as "The Fall of Babylon." Wyman had another park, "Erastina," between Elm Park and Mariner's Harbor, where Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was first presented to the people of the metropolis.

* * *

There was once great popular indignation on the North Shore because the trucks bringing iron ore to the water front from O'Brien's mines at Dongan Hills were dangerous to traffic.

* * *

"Almost my most thrilling memory," says Mr. Wilkes, "was the arrival on Lawlor Marine Railway at Clifton of the steamship Dessaug, bringing the obelisk which now stands in Central Park. The steamship was hauled up on the railway, a section of its side was taken out so the obelisk could be removed. A lot of us got under the coverings and carved our names on the obelisk on the way up-town, and I don't doubt they are there yet. Perhaps our sculptures were responsible for the later discovery that the obelisk was decomposing because of the American climate."



Photographs from "Queensboro," January, 1924, published by Queensboro Chamber of Commerce.

FOSTER HOUSE, DOUGLASTON. BUILT IN 1637. THE STONE ADDITION WAS THE FAMILY REFUGE IN INDIAN RAIDS.



JOHN BOWNE HOUSE FLUSHING, BUILT 1661

THE NORTH AND EAST SHORE OF QUEENS

THE Government of the Dutch at New Amsterdam gave the land grants which started the first white settlements on the east side of the East River and along the Long

Island shore to the north. Gov. Wouter van Twiller is believed to have issued some of them, and others, the papers signed by Gov. William Kieft, still exist. These grants were called the "Out Plantations" of the New Amsterdam colony and the

farmers and other workers who settled in them were Dutch.

From the Connecticut plantations came immigrants across the Sound; they were English and were so unfriendly to the Dutch that they were accused of stirring up the Indians against the earlier settlers.

The Dutch had landings at several places within the boundaries of the present Queens Borough. The New Englanders soon outnumbered the Hollanders in all settlements except those which were close to the Dutch East River settlements. They did not rebel openly and by force of arms. They pretended to acknowledge the Dutch West India Directors' authority and took the community names allotted to them in the "Island of Nassau," such as "Vlissengen" at

Flushing, "Brueckelen" for the first Brooklyn, between Gowanus Bay and Wallabout, "Middleburg" for Elmhurst, and "Rusdorf" for Jamaica. But they were restive and were constantly seeking the support of the New England colonies to secede from the Dutch and attach their communities to the English colonies.

Some Dutch records show complaints that English visitors from Heemstede, Vlissingen and Rusdorf were given to cattle raiding—the later English name for cattle raiders in these parts, by the way, was "the cow boys." There were even suggestions that William Kieft and Peter Stuyvesant, his successor, thought of organizing punitive expeditions. There is fairly authentic ground for the belief that a considerable expedition of Indians from the north were persuaded to attack the Dutch in the interest of their friends of New England, and, having mobilized, were asked to go home with the explanation that there was a truce between England and Holland; whereupon the red men decided to keep out of white men's quarrels as too complicated and not conducted according to any code which native American fighting men could understand.

The disaffected immigrants gained a strong representation in the New Town hamlet just south of Newtown or Maspeth Creek. Maspeth was the name of the Indian tribe which occupied the Long Island Sound shore now within the city. The name accounts for Maspeth, where the only building which survived until recent times, a barn, was believed to have been built by John Denman in 1662.

For a long time Long Island City was included in Newtown. Later Long Island City consolidated with Blissville, Hunters Point, Ravenswood, Dutch Kills, Steinway and Middletown. Queens was made into a county after the British Government had given up its effort to call the whole surrounding territory of New York City "Yorkshire," with "North, East and West Ridings" (triflings or thirds). Queens, when the twelve counties of the New York colony were partitioned

off, was named indirectly in honor of Catherine Braganza, Queen of Charles II.

In 1670 there were twelve hamlets in the area in which the English had the upper hand and only three or four were Dutch, according to Denton. The Chamber of Commerce of Queens Borough quotes Ross's History of Long Island as responsible for the statement that the first grant from Kieft was given to Hendrick Hamanson in 1639. Thompson's History of Long Island asserts a grant was made by Kieft in 1642 to Francis Doughty. But there is uncertainty whether these grants covered land at Mespeth Creek, Fisher's Pond (about in the present situation of North Beach) or the Alley, a narrow highway between Douglaston and points south. The Foster House in the Alley is supposed to have been built in 1637.

Hallett's Cove at Astoria had its settlement due to the landing of the ferry to Harlem. There was considerable ferry traffic in very early days from Cornell's (now Clason Point) across to Willets Point, which accounted to an extent for the establishment of the Little Neck landing (more recently Sandy Webster's fishermen's station) as a busy little colonial port for the supplies and food-stuffs which went into the market in the Alley. The lands along the Alley were owned by the Randolphs and by some of the ancestors of De Lancey Nicoll.

Maspeth was not always the rather monotonous succession of cemeteries and tenements and factories which one finds it to-day. Gov. De Witt Clinton had his mansion there. The first settlers of the village were, most of them, Quakers.

Without the approval of the Dutch or of the rigorously sectarian English, Quakers also resorted to Flushing in great numbers. The town was chartered in 1645, two years after the first houses were built. But the community did not take on the look of a village until a cluster of houses was erected along Bowne Avenue, which got its name from John Bowne; he

was arrested and deported because he was found guilty of "encouraging the heretical and obstinate sect of Quakers." John Fox, the great Quaker leader, when he took charge of the Quaker meetings, was not so seriously molested and the congregation outgrew John Bowne's house and worshipped in an oak grove, the site of which is now marked by a tablet. John Bowne returned after an absence of several years and was permitted to worship with his fellow Quakers. There are still Quaker meeting houses in many villages of Queens and Nassau Counties, monuments to this early Flushing colony.

A lot of our latter day aristocracy came out of these Flushing families. We may never know how all of them attained wealth and influence. There is a passage in the City History Landmarks booklet (so frequently and gratefully used in the preparation of these sketches) which certainly reflects credit on the innocence and charity of Dr. Peterson, its author; for he must have taken notice that the sources of the early wealth of some of our best families were supplying pirates, or acting as fences for them, smuggling and rum-running to the Indians. Yet he notes a brick arched tunnel leading from the old Bodine Castle on the East River bank just south of Queensboro Bridge and, after remarking that John Bodine was said to have bought it from one Harris seventy-five years ago, continues: "A curious subterranean tunnel, arched with brick, connects the mansion with the shore; it probably led to a bath house on the bank." It may be so—it may be so.

All along this shore were the homes of wealthy New Yorkers a hundred years ago. They paid more for their land than did their associates on Manhattan.

A carefully prepared history of colonial Queens is to be found in the January, 1924, issue of "Queensboro," published by the Queens Borough Chamber of Commerce; the writers have found it very useful as a guide in this necessarily brief summary.



JAMAICA AVENUE, THROUGH WHICH ELEVATED B.-M. T. TRACKS NOW RUN BETWEEN CLOSE BUILT BUSINESS BLOCKS. PETTITT HOTEL OPPOSITE CITY HALL AT EXTREME RIGHT. THIS ROAD WAS LATER PLANKED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION.

JAMAICA, QUEENS VILLAGE, SPRINGFIELD, THE ROCKAWAYS AND OTHER QUEENS VILLAGES

IN 1800 Queens County had a greater population than Brooklyn. But Queens then included the present Nassau County and was more than twice as big as Brooklyn. The 1800 figures were set down as Queens County 5,791, Kings County 5,740; the population of the principal towns was Newtown (including Long Island City) 2,312, Flushing, 1,818 and Jamaica 1,661; the populations of the smaller hamlets were included in those of the nearest considerable villages.

The growth of population was about the same in the two boroughs until about 1840, when Brooklyn began growing so fast that Queens fell hopelessly behind, though maintaining a yearly increase which, when considered by itself, seemed incredible. Both Newtown and Flushing more than doubled between 1875 and 1900 and Jamaica tripled its numbers and the increase since then has been mounting rapidly.

Jamaica was settled almost as soon as Flushing by New England pioneers. In compliance with Dutch orders they called the place Rusdorf. They placated the Indians who called themselves Jamecas (a branch apparently of the Rockaway Indians) with "one coat, one iron kettle and eight bottles of lick— the lick being in place of a second kettle." The Indian village was at Beaver Pond, once a seemly stretch of water at Rockaway Road and South Street. In 1676 the Rockaway Indians sold for substantial quantities of clothing, weapons, ammunition and more "licker" their rights on the ocean front; for centuries there had been an Indian Highway from the Rockaway peninsula to the Evergreen Cemetery neighborhood, following in a general way the course of Rockaway Boulevard. Until Bushwick was built up there were perceptible traces of the trail from the cemetery to Bushwick.

The Beaver Pond in Jamaica supplied a lot of fun for the early dwellers in Kings. It was the stopping place of wild fowl and the neigh-

borhood was not in the least too closely settled for hunting. There was a race track around the pond in 1700. There were ice sports in winter. Jamaica Avenue was the principal main highway from the farms in the middle of the island and for those who went down to the Rockaway shore, which was New York's first watering place and enjoyed as great prestige in its day as Narragansett Pier and Newport ever had afterward. In Revolutionary days there was an inn opposite the court house (the same shown in the illustration), called the Pettitt House. It was regarded as an almost obligatory stopping place for gay coaching parties from Manhattan and Brooklyn.

There was a race course even earlier than the track at Beaver Pond. The English Governor, Nicolls, in the four years of his Administration, which ended in 1668, gave encouragement for the establishing of a great space for racing on Hempstead Plains in the area which now includes Belmont Park, which is just outside the

city boundary. It was "sixteen miles long and six broad, where you shall find neither stick nor stone to hinder horses' heels nor endanger them in their races." Years later came the Union Race Course at Jamaica, where in 1823 Van Ransst's Eclipse outran Henry, the pride of the South. Seventy-five years ago on Jackson Avenue, five miles from Hunters Point Ferry and a short distance from Bowery Bay on the North Shore, was the Fashion Race Course.

Jamaica was twice the temporary capital of the Province of New York. The Assembly met there in 1702 because of the prevalence of yellow fever in New York. It met there again fifty years later.

There are very old houses in Middle Village, just outside of Jamaica, and at Springfield and Hollis and Queens Village on the present border of Nassau County. The oldest houses in Jamaica Village itself were those built by the first settlers about Baisley's Pond; if any of them survive, the industrious antiquarians who have studied the town have not made public note of them. The pond is still there, emptying into Jamaica Bay through Cornell Creek.

The Remsen house in old Middle Village was built on Woodhaven Avenue, near Metropolitan Avenue, at the end of the draining of the Hempstead swamp in 1712 in which Abraham Remsen, who has many descendants on Long Island to-day, had a great part. Back of the house was the Remsen family cemetery and in it is the grave of Colonel Jerome Remsen, commander of the Kings and Queens County Continental Militia against Lord Howe's victorious troops in the Battle of Long Island, which resulted in the British occupation of Manhattan Island.

Less than half a mile away in a hollow of Whitepot Road (which Dr. Peterson says comes from a corruption of the Dutch word "put," meaning pit or hollow) was the Springsteen house, built by Captain Caspar Springsteen in 1700.

The stage lines of Long Island radiating from the Fulton Street,

Wallabout, Williamsburg, Hunters Point and north shore ferry terminals began to be superseded by the Long Island Railroad beginning with 1832, when the construction of the Brooklyn and Jamaica Railroad was started. It was intended to be the first link in a line to the extreme east end of Long Island, where there was to be a ferry to Stonington, Conn., there connecting with a line from Boston to Stonington. In 1832 it was not thought possible that a line could be built over the broad rivers and hills of the mainland between New York and Boston.

Squire R. E. Allen of Great Neck, dean of Republican party leaders in Nassau County, trusted friend of Presidents and Governors for two generations, who to-day presents the rare combination of the courtesy and gentle manners which went out of style with the Civil War and a precision in modern wearing apparel which is not surpassed on Fifth Avenue, recalls the days when he drove stage to the north shore village from the Jamaica terminal of this little railroad for one Snodgrass. He walked into the waiting room of the inn, rapped the heavy butt of his whip on the floor and belted "Anybody here for Snollygaster's?"

In fond affection his closest friends in these days of his prosperity refer to him as "Old Snollygaster."

AGGRESSIVE COMMUTERS

The aggressive spirit of Long Island commuters in controversy with the present railroad is a just inheritance. The Brooklyn-Jamaica-Greenport route was inconvenient because it had been built as a link in a Boston-New York plan and not to serve Long Island. It ran through the pine barrens, Prof. R. H. Gabriel of Yale points out in his "Evolution of Long Island," and was from five to ten miles from the farming villages, except Jamaica. Just as Long Islanders at their own expense had built planked toll highways leading out from the East River into Queens and further Brooklyn and had replaced them with more satisfactory roads, they now enlisted capital and constructed competing railroads of their own.

The original railroad had as rival on the Atlantic Coast, with a terminal at Bushwick, the South Shore Railroad;

and from Hunters Point to Flushing and beyond it, it had the North Shore Railroad. A. T. Stewart financed a line branching off at Flushing Creek to the south and running diagonally through Creedmoor toward Babylon. Its graded right of way and the crumbling brick arches of its underpass bridges are still visible from North Shore division trains.

Austin Corbin, after another had failed to finish the task, consolidated all the competing lines into the Long Island road. Such was the genesis of the system taken over by the Pennsylvania in 1907 to be electrified and which is run like clockwork fifty-nine days out of sixty and runs itself on the sixtieth—to give its patrons something to talk about for the next two months (unless the management prefers further to insurrect the public mind by proposing an increase of passenger rates to enable it to acquire terminal facilities which will do away with the periodic "jams").

The aggressive spirit with which Long Islanders have ever resented the assumed tyranny of corporations was well exemplified by the noisy following which eagerly followed the leadership of Battle Axe Pat Gleason, for a long time Mayor of Long Island City. The conflict which gave him his name was brought on by his raid to cut down certain electric wire poles. Himself wielding an axe the offending symbols of public service monopoly were laid level upon the ground while the admiring populace cheered.

Gleason held forth in Miller's Hotel, opposite the Hunter's Point ferry house which was the terminal for the ferryboats from East 34th Street and Wall Street as well as for the steamers which were taken over by the Long Island so that it could control the sea and sound routes between New York City and Long Island shore villages.

The cohorts of Gleason reported to their chief almost every day for inspiration, commendation and reproof, and for a long time because Miller's was the place where newspaper reporters could find almost everybody prominent in Long Island City at some time during the day and because Long Island City afforded the most convenient point of contact with the affairs of Queens County, the Gleason school of thought permeated all the New York printed news of the county in the New York City and Brooklyn press. The multitudinously attended picnics of women and children with which Gleason depopulated Long Island City once each year are still a happy memory of the childhood of men now growing bald and whiskered.



THE VECHTE-CORTELYOU
HOMESTEAD AT FIFTH AVENUE
AND FOURTH STREET,
BROOKLYN.

OLD BROOKLYN—"THE FIVE
DUTCH TOWNS"

FIRST, under the Dutch Government of Nieuw Amsterdam, the land directly east of Manhattan Island was known as Nassau Island. The village which gave its name to the Borough of Brooklyn was then Brueckelen. There were variations of this spelling according to the whims of various persons who wrote the name Breucklyn, Brucklyn, Breuckland. Under the first English occupation it became Brookland and was sometimes varied to Brookline. The American name Brooklyn is clearly a combination of the early Dutch and English names.

But Brueckelen was not the first settlement on the western end of Long Island. The lands of the modern South Brooklyn seemed very good to the explorers from New Amsterdam. The absence of trees, the black top soil, the facilities for leading canals in from the sea, all these stirred the desires of homesick Hollanders. The fat and greedy land boddler, Gov. Wouter van Twiller, than whom no real estate promoter



(Illustrations from Drawings of Thomas Hogan for the Stiles History of the City of Brooklyn.)

THE DE HART-BERGEN HOME

down to the present time has been more shrewd or less scrupulous, picked out for himself and his proxies all the best spots in Manhattan, Harlem, the Bronx, Staten Island and South Brooklyn in an astonishingly short time.

Three years after his appointment, in 1683, he had found time away

from his official duties to arrange for himself and his cronies and underlings, Jacob van Corlaer, Andreas Hudde and Wolfert Gerritson, to hornswoggle the Indians out of 1,500 acres between the "Bay of the North River and the East River." These were the "Castateeuw, or Sewanhackey" Indians. His grant to van

Corlaer was the first individual grant in what is now Kings County. Perhaps Castateeuw was as near as the former Amsterdam warehouse clerk could get to the name of the tribe which became known to more worthy Governors as the Canarsecs. The word Sewan was the Indian word for wampum, in the making of which Long Island Indians were most industrious.

This great tract stretched along the shore of South Brooklyn from Gowanus Bay to Gravesend Bay. Within a few months William Adrianse Bennet and Jacques Bentyne had taken up 930 acres at Gowanus Bay. The van Twiller ring started a town in Flatlands, which they called Amersfoort and which became the business and social centre of their plantations.

A year later George Jansen de Rappelje took up 335 acres on the Wallabout Basin. Henry R. Stiles, whose history of Brooklyn, published in 1867, is standard in its accuracy, wrote that Waalboght, the original name of the market basin, meant "Valley of the Strangers." Yet in another place he lets pass without comment the statement that the name means the "Place of the Walloons."

Mr. Stiles showed some indignation regarding the statement that Rappelje's daughter, Sarah, was the first white child born in Brooklyn and the first in the new colony. He shows that her parents did not go to Brooklyn until long after 1625, when she was born, and that they were in New Amsterdam in 1626. Mr. Stiles apparently overlooked the contentions of the searchers of Staten Island records that Sarah's parents were among the first Walloon settlers to try to make homes in Staten Island in 1624, but gave up through fear of the Indians and moved to Wallabout. Staten Island has claimed that it is Sarah's birthplace.

In 1623 the Rappeljes were in Fort Orange, Albany, and Mr. Stiles, lacking the Staten Island data, assumed Sarah must have been born up-State. But Mr. Stiles was satisfied that Jean Vigne, born in 1614, presumably in New Amsterdam, and eleven years Sarah's senior, was the first white child born in the present United States north of Virginia.

The land on which the Marine Hospital and part of the Brooklyn Navy Yard stands was included in the Rappelje farm. Rappelje later took up additional land between Nostrand and Grand Avenues.

Van Twiller liked the South Brooklyn farms so well that he characteristically granted to himself Pagganack

Island, which, because of its fine hardwood trees, he called Nooten or Nut Island. Now it is Governor's Island. There is an old tradition that there was dry land where the Butter-milk Channel's surface is whitened by the tide froths of to-day. There seems no foundation for it, unless that Red Hook was an island at high water and may have been confused with Governor's Island.

EARLY BUSHWICK

The Dutch West India Company extended its jurisdiction by dealings with the Indians over the Bushwick neighborhood in 1638. They called it Boswyck. Abraham Rycker tilled a farm there in 1640 and Lambert Huybertson Moll soon followed him with the grudging consent of the one-eyed Chief of the Canarsees, Penhawitz, who included all of Kings County and a part of Queens in his dominion. There were settlements at Gravesend and New Utrecht which were at first unauthorized hamlets.

Gravesend was the only village in the present city limits which was spared in the Indian uprising of 1643. Western Long Island was almost totally depopulated. The farmers and villagers who could escape took passage over Cornelis Dircksen's ferry between the foot of Fulton Street and Peck Slip.

By 1645 the Indians had been cleared away from the territory which they had retaken from the white men and by negotiation with them the title of the Dutch to New Utrecht and Gravesend was secured. One after another, landowners along the shore began to build homes some distance back of Dircksen's ferry. Among them were Jan Evertse Bout, Huyck Aertsen van Rossum, Jacob Stoffelsen, Pieter Cornelissen, Joris Dircksen and Gerrit Wolphertsen van Couwenhaven.

Their village, according to Mr. Stiles, was at what was (in 1867) called "Fulton Avenue" where it is joined by Hoyt and Smith Streets, and this was called Brueckelen. Gov. Kieft gave the village a charter in 1646 and appointed Jan Bout and Huyck Aertsen van Rossum as schepens a few months later. On the complaint of the schepens that they had too much to do, he appointed Jan Teunissen to imprison delinquents by advice of the schepens, to establish the pound, to impound cattle, to collect fines and to perform all things that "a trusty schout is bound to perform."

The Gowanus Village houses survived longer than any in Brooklyn. For many years the oldest house in Brooklyn was supposed to be that at Fifth Avenue and Fourth Street. It was built by Claes Adriaentse Vechte in 1629 and afterward was the home

of Jacques Cortelyou, a sixth generation descendant of the first American Jacques Cortelyou, the colonial surveyor. But the Historian Stiles, by a careful study of old maps, determined that there were in his time (1870) at least two older houses, one of them the De Hart or Bergen home west of Third Avenue, between 37th and 38th Streets. Mr. Stiles also disposed of the still persistent tradition that Gen. Washington and Gen. Putnam visited this house during the Battle of Long Island, Aug. 26, 1776. The house was behind the British battle line.

When Fulton Street was "Kings Highway" in 1649 a visitor comments upon Brueckelen as "one of two villages of little moment." The other was Midwout, the present Flatbush. In 1653 when Peter Stuyvesant found himself out-argued in a conference called to discuss Indian policies, he lost his temper and ordered the delegates from Brueckelen, Amersfoort and Midwout out of the meeting and told them never to come back. The Brueckelen delegates were Frederick Lubbertsen, Paulus Van der Beeck and William Beckman.

They resisted the one-legged Governor's decree and finally appealed to the home Government in Holland. But for a time they did not let their quarrel with the Governor affect their support of his administration. When Stuyvesant, raising a force of forty men "to resist pirates," called on the towns to furnish quotas of soldiers, "Brueckelen, the Ferry and the Walloon quarter," furnished the required four men, Gravesend three, Amersfoort two, Midwout two. They went further and empowered the impressing of every able-bodied citizen into service on call of the schepens and by lot detailed every third man as a "minute man."

Stuyvesant was so pleased that he increased the privileges and authority of the three loyal Dutch towns so that they enjoyed something like home rule. They were even allowed to appoint the first schoolmaster on their petition to the Director General and Council that "they found it necessary that a court messenger was required for the Schepens' Chamber to be occasionally employed in the Village of Brueckelen and all around where he may be needed, as well as to serve summons, as also to conduct the service of the church and to sing on Sundays, to take charge of the school, dig graves, &c., ring the bell and perform whatever else may be required." Carel de Beauvois, "a highly respected and well educated French Protestant from Leyden," forefather of the representative Brooklyn family of De Bevoise of to-day, was appointed to this somewhat inclusive office.



(From drawing by Thomas Hogan for History of City of Brooklyn by H. R. Stiles.)

BEDFORD CORNERS, 1776; NOW BEDFORD AVENUE AND FULTON STREET.

BROOKLYN IN THE REVOLUTION

THE first Brooklynites were not dwellers in Brueckelen. They lived in Manhattan while their Brooklyn homes were being built. They boarded in the Stad-herberg Hotel at Peck Slip and went over the ferry to Fulton Street to walk to the home sites where their houses were being put up. Later the "Corporation House," an inn kept by the ferryman as part of his transportation undertaking, was established on the Brooklyn end of the line.

In 1776 Brooklyn, which by that time included the Five Dutch Towns of Brueckelen, Midwout (Flatbush), Amersfoort (Flatlands), Gowanus and Boswyck (Bushwick), and also Bedford, had about 4,000 inhabitants, as compared with its present 2,000,000 residents.

Within the limits of Brooklyn Borough was fought the Revolutionary battle which most nearly accomplished the subjugation of the colonies by

England. We are forgetful in these days of the characteristics of George Washington as a soldier. We think of him as a statesman, a political leader and—quite recently—as a human being. The master soldier is he who can conduct an orderly retreat when faced with overwhelming superiority of numbers. Washington successfully accomplished this great feat several times, but never more brilliantly than after the Battle of Long Island, when he took overnight what was left of his forces from the ridges stretching from Gowanus Bay to Wallabout basin and conveyed them in rowboats and scows manipulated by Marblehead and Lynn fishermen to Manhattan on the road to safety.

BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

Let him who would reconstruct the battle take his stand on Prospect Hill in Greenwood Cemetery, not far west of the angle of Prospect Park which is at the end of Windsor Place. This

was the American command post.

"Sullivan is there," wrote Henry Isham Henderson in his history of Long Island, based on sketches in The Evening World. "To the right along the bay is Lord Stirling (the only American commander with a British title). Behind him is the village of Brooklyn. In front is the short road where the British under Gen. Grant are playing make believe war to mislead the Americans. In reality they are awaiting a signal to advance in force."

At this American headquarters there was a concentration of roads like the spokes of a half wheel. Three miles away to the south was the village of New Utrecht, and to the east of New Utrecht was Gravesend. Off to the northeast was Flatlands, and two and a half miles to the northwest of Flatlands was Flatbush. The Jamaica road crossed the Flatlands road at Bedford Corners. Bedford Corners

was then the hamlet which became the populous Williamsburg area.

There were two main roads from the Fulton ferry into the Kings County hinterland. Both ended in Jamaica. One of them was called the Old Ferry Road and in time took the names of Fulton Avenue and Fulton Street. The other was what is now Flatbush Avenue. The most prominent landmarks in this countryside were the spires of the churches in old Brooklyn at Smith and Fulton Streets and another in Bushwick. The Brooklyn church was built in the middle of Fulton Street and, according to some stories, in the middle of the fortification which the founders of the village constructed as a defense against the Indians. It was razed in 1766.

Brooklyn Heights was the crown of the last line of defense which the Continental troops were trying to hold. The intrenchments for this stand ran from Gowanus Bay on the south to Wallabout on the north.

Fort Greene Park was an important strong point near Wallabout. Fort Putnam, it was then called. The Fort Greene of 1776 was between Fort Putnam and the head of the Gowanus stream. Gen. Washington was displeased by the disorderly conduct of the soldiers under Gen. Sullivan and had put Gen. Putnam over the head of the "Wild Irishman." Above Red Hook, was Fort Box, on high land south of the Fricke mill pond. It was meant to cover the road from Red Hook to Flatbush. There was a battery called Fort Defiance on Red Hook Point itself. There was a fortification where the Brooklyn Athenaeum was built many years afterward, called Corkscrew Fort. Atlantic Avenue is now from sixty to ninety feet below the level on which that fort was built.

Washington put his first line of defense two miles east of these strong points on the heavily wooded hills of Prospect Park and Greenwood Cemetery and others.

There were passes between these hills. Bedford pass was neglected in

Putnam's plan of defense and the Jamaica road was altogether ignored. Professional military men have written many derogatory things of the inadequate protection of the "American left." But, outnumbered three to one, General Putnam and General Washington could do little better than to make their scanty quotas effective as far as they could be stretched and trust in vain that the British would not find the unguarded entrances to the East River shore.

The Continental Army was fashioned of green materials. It had no staff system such as was later organized for it by Baron Steuben. There was no Intelligence Section, save that under the commanding general's cocked hat. His first news that the British had turned his left by advancing from New Lots and Flatlands came from the signal guns of Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Percy and Lord Howe, notifying Gen. Grant in front of Gowanus that the Americans were in the trap which had been set for them and that he might spring its jaws by attacking in force.

In his progress from the plains Lord Howe found his guides, who were Tories, unreliable. At William Howard's Halfway House, at Broadway and Fulton Street, which was still standing in 1870, the British took Howard and his fourteen-year-old son, and, threatening them with death, forced them to lead the column over the Old Rockaway Indian Trail through Evergreen Cemetery and Bushwick.

But once in the gigantic noose of infantry and artillery, with the irresistible forces of Grant's British moving north against the force of Howe, representing the nether millstone of the grinding pressure which was to destroy the Continental Army, Washington organized his miraculous retreat. So well did he handle the withdrawal to New York that a tremendous blunder of an aid, Col. Scammel, in calling in the skeleton force of Gen. Mifflin covering the silent retreat was remedied and the covering troops sent back from Fulton

Ferry to their position without the British learning what was going on.

Says the Historian Stiles: "It is related on the authority of Col. Fish, one of Washington's aids, Judge Daggett of New Haven and others that the crowd and confusion among the troops who were at this juncture huddled on the beach was extreme and bordered on a panic; and that Washington, annoyed and alarmed at its possible consequences, sprang to the side of a boat in which the soldiers were crowding, and holding a large stone with both hands, ordered them with an impassioned oath to leave the boat instant or he 'would sink it to hell.' . . . The embarkation proceeded with more order than before."

When the Continental Army was victorious and the British marched out of New York, the Freeholders of Bushwick gathered and appointed Dec. 2, 1783, as a day of a celebration to be held on the banks of the East River and sent a formal address to Gen. Washington commending his entry into the recaptured city for "such dignity, order and regulation" as would "redound to the lasting honor of Your Excellency, be revered by foreign powers and certainly obtain the affection of many whose sentiments are averse to the liberty which, with the Divine assistance, Your Excellency has so happily acquired for us."

To which Washington made answer in the courtly phrases of his time, beginning: "While you speak the language of my heart in acknowledging the magnitude of your obligations to the Supreme Director of all human events, suffer me to join you in the celebration of the present glorious and ever memorable era and to return my best thanks for your kind expressions in my favor."

The celebration ended in the evening at Bushwick. "An ox was roasted and an entertainment provided to welcome their bretheren who have suffered seven years' exile and who have sacrificed their all at the shrine of liberty. After they had all partook of the feast, toasts were drank, attended by salute, huzzaing and music." Among the toasts was one which might have been called to the attention of one W. Hohenzollern, now of Doorn, Holland. "As the roaring of a lion is to animals, so the frowns of America be to Princes,"



VIEW FROM GRAVESEND BAY TOWARD THE NARROWS BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

LADY DEBORAH MOODY, GRAVESEND AND JOHN Y. MCKANE

GRAVESEND was planned by a brave and able woman, Lady Deborah Moody, for the safety and prosperity of a band of colonists in which she was the leader. She took them to the edge of Gravesend Bay, where she worked out an original plan for a farm community, of which the centre was a fortified residence village.

Almost on the spot where Lady Deborah directed the erection of this rural fortress John Y. McKane, 220 years later, had his club house, from which he directed a mercenary political machine and committed frauds involving forgery and bribery and perjury to an extent which was the scandal of his generation. John Y. McKane's wards radiated out from his political stronghold, which was the Town Hall, almost exactly as had Lady Deborah's farm plan. The six election districts of his bailiwick had

their polling places in the central building, which was the hub of the wheel from which their lateral boundaries started. The boss had the six ballot boxes constantly under his eye; it was charged that he did not hesitate to open them to learn whether or not a voter had cast his ballot according to orders.

Lady Deborah, to protect her little band of pioneers in working their farms in safety from the Indians, who were raiding all the Dutch settlements and many of the English with the utmost ferocity in the period of her venture, established a central plot of ten acres. This she divided into four equal squares, with ten home lots in each square. The block was fenced by a strong stockade. The forty farmers retired into the stockade from their fields and had the comfort of going to sleep knowing that the whole community would fight for the common good if the village was attacked by night.

McKane was a carpenter and builder. So was his father before him. They built well and used the best materials. As a private citizen and a business man McKane was an admirable person. It is doubted if he ever knew that he was really a criminal when he cheated at the polls. His limited sense of political morals indicated to him only that whatever could be done to swing the election to the candidate or party for whom the boss was working was the right thing to do. It did not in the least embarrass him to turn in reports on a unanimous vote for a Republican candidate for one office and a vote just as unanimous for a Democratic candidate for another office. McKane professed to be a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a deacon; he was assiduous in attendance at services and lavishly generous in support of the minister and church charities.

His political followers did not follow him in his church activities. His intimacy with them must have caused considerable curious and painful thought to his pastor and fellow members. Let Henry Isham Hazelton, author of the latest history of Brooklyn and Long Island, describe them.

"Stray dogs move toward the sea," he says, "and the human currents of discards of the respectable towns of Manhattan and Brooklyn followed the instincts of stray dogs. Gravesend filled with the scum of New York and Brooklyn, racetrack sharps, burglars, thugs, saloon waiters, divekeepers, gamblers, criminals of all sorts. McKane knew them all, befriended them all, ruled them all."

McKane delivered the vote of his private borough to Benjamin Harrison in 1888. Three thousand men were appointed to go to Gravesend and watch the polls at the next election; a great supply of revolvers and locust clubs was purchased for them. But at the next election McKane went Democratic; apparently the county Democratic managers had an understanding with him, for the 3,000 pure ballot enforcement men stayed away from Gravesend.

The population of Gravesend in those days of McKane's domination was 10,000. There were 6,218 voters registered on the books of his election board. In those days, before women had the vote, the registry was in proper proportion to a population of 35,000. McKane had only contempt for inquiries as to the reason for the size of his registration.

Col. Alexander S. Bacon, as counsel for the Republican County Committee, went down to Gravesend with E. M. Grout, afterward Comptroller, and Charles H. Hyde, afterward City Chamberlain. They were working in the interest of William J. Gaynor, a candidate for the Supreme Court on an independent ticket. The Republicans drove down to Gravesend in two-horse carriages. The carriages became separated on the wastes surrounding Prospect Park. Col. Bacon

arrived before the other members of the committee. McKane recognized the would-be reformer as he stepped out of his carriage.

"Mr. Bacon, I was expecting you," said the boss. "You are the man I have been looking for! Get out of here!"

"Mr. McKane," replied the lawyer with stiff dignity, "I have an injunction from the Supreme Court here for you."

"I will take no papers!" shouted McKane. "Injunctions don't go down here!"

A number of McKane's friends set upon Col. Bacon and beat him soundly. Some of them were in police uniform and some were not. On McKane's order Col. Bacon was arrested and locked in a wash room on a charge of "disturbing the peace."

There was a mass meeting in Brooklyn at which orators of the highest standing in the community, and without regard to political and church relations, denounced McKane. But he was merely adjudged in contempt of court and fined \$250 with thirty days' jail imprisonment. His prestige was so little affected in his own district that he was re-elected Town Supervisor.

McKane's defiance of conventions—to say nothing of law and order—had gone so far that the opposition of the righteous could no longer be laughed off. He was at last convicted, with a number of his band, of cheating at the polls, bribery and forgery and was sent to Sing Sing. He could not keep his head up after the return from State Prison. He did not live long after his fellow members of the church turned away their "moral support from his political immorality."

But before "good government got him" McKane had moved from New Utrecht to Sheepshead Bay. It was his way to convey real estate and riparian rights to office holders who were faithful to his peculiar system. When his bank balances were bountiful he even built homes for his retainers. He built, in succession, three mansions for himself in Sheepshead Bay.

Though Coney Island was in McKane's dominion, the old leader had

no vision of it as the resort of hundreds of thousands of nickel spenders fifty years after his time. He let Coney Island fulfil its own destiny while he promoted the business he had established for himself—the buying and selling of votes, profiteering on contracts and sale or barter of civic concessions.

There are still dwellers in Sheepshead Bay who remember John Y. McKane with a sort of affection which is not materially affected by the illegal practices which left him discredited in purse and good name at the end.

Hundreds of dwellers who had no better title to their home sites than John Y. McKane's permission "to go ahead and take a place where you like" have had the enterprise and thrift to get better titles, which have stood the test of the modern title insurance companies.

Progress has made war slowly but irresistibly against the queer higgledy-piggledy combinations of shacks, drawbridges and canals which made some parts of Sheepshead Bay and New Utrecht and Gravesend picturesquely like a stilt village in an African jungle.

Neatly paved, curbed and sidewalked streets, with promising trees which will some day furnish shade, stretch out in orderly criss-cross pattern for homes which are being built and bought for little more than the dwellers in them once paid for tenement rent. And those who owned the land on which the hovels once stood are not only attaining better homes but a substantial profit on the thrift of their fathers and—the obliging ways of John Y. McKane.

Among those of the McKane days who survived his downfall because they had substantial businesses which were not dependent upon McKane's power and favor were the McKeons and the Boyles, who had large restaurants; the Lundys, fishermen and pier owners and concession renters, and Bert McLoughlin, once a large holder of realty in Sheepshead Bay. Tappen, who made the first of the big roadhouses of Sheepshead Bay famous, even before the days of the race track, died last year. Villepigue, who was Tappen's manager, branched out for himself a generation ago and built up a business which is nationally known, and survived the dying out of the racetrack patronage to increase its prosperity as a seashore automobile roadhouse.

Stiles, in his history, speaks of Bath Beach as the vicinity then known as "Bath" on Gravesend Bay, very popular for bathing.



FIRST DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH IN FULTON STREET; BUILT 1666; RAZED 1766

(From Old Print Published 1776; from Stiles's History of City of Brooklyn)

THE EARLIEST BROOKLYN CHURCHES

THE "City of Churches" of today did not attract attention generally for the number of its places of worship until just before the Civil War. In colonial and revolutionary days there was no lack of religious activity. Some of the very first squabbles between the little villages which were long ago lost in the filling of Kings County with humanity were over jealousy as to the opportunities some of them had for public worship as compared to the others.

The prevailing public worship of Kings County in 1650 was Dutch. Lady Deborah Moody, with her colony at New Utrecht, may have had meetings for religious worship which were tolerated or ignored by the Dutch authorities, because whether she was "orthodox" to them or not she was at least a dissenter from the sect of their rival communities in New England.

The religiously minded crossed the East River in rowboats or in the public ferry of Jacob Dircksen at the foot of Fulton Street to attend church in New Amsterdam.

Later the members of other sects continued making these devout pilgrimages, using the sailing ferry, the horse treadmill ferries and the steam ferries to reach their separate congregations in Lower Manhattan. When possible a minister came from Manhattan and, on notice, held services in private homes.

Director Stuyvesant and the Council arranged for the building of a church at Midwout, among the Flatbush farms, to which the Rev. Johannes Theodorus Polhemus was called from the Dutch plantations in Brazil to preach. The citizens of the three towns were ordered to join in building the church, which was erected in 1655. The Brueckelen people were willing to aid in putting up the church but objected sullenly to being asked to work on the minister's house, a rear addition to the church building. The Rev. Polhemus was paid out of tax funds. Brueckelen folk did not pay their share of the tax cheerfully.

They were, they said, "disinclined to subscribe or promise anything for the maintenance of a Gospel minister who is of no use for them." They asked that the minister be allowed to preach alternately in Midwout and Brueckelen. Gov. Stuyvesant said he had no objection to such an arrangement "when the weather permitted."

Midwout objected that "Brueckelen was quite two hours' walking from Midwout and Amersfoort" and that Midwout was between the two. They objected to a four-mile journey every other Sunday to Brueckelen in the morning. A compromise was reached by which the morning service was held at Midwout and evening services alternately at Amersfoort and Brueckelen. Even then the Brooklyn citizens did not want to pay the tax. They were forbidden to harvest their crops until the taxes were paid. The Rev. Mr. Polhemus was less and less able, because of advancing age, to cover his territory. Dominie Henricus Selyns was brought to Brooklyn from Holland for a time. The objection of Brueckelen to paying his full salary was compromised by a subsidy of 250 guilders a year from

Gov. Stuyvesant, by which the Rev. Selyns was obliged to preach one afternoon a week to a congregation of farmers and slaves at Stuyvesant's village, near Astor Place, Manhattan.

The First Reformed Church of Bruckelen was built in 1666 in the middle of Fulton Street at Lawrence Street.

In 1660 the people of Flatlands had been permitted to build a structure to be used principally as a house of worship. Bushwick had a church. Schoolmaster Charles De Bevoise was appointed lay reader to make up for the irregular attendance of the Rev. Dr. Polhemus, who succeeded again to the joint pastorate.

The Brooklyn church stood a century. The congregation moved about during the following years until 1807 when it occupied a stone church on Joralemon Street, in front of which it put up another church in 1834. There it remained until 1891 when it moved to Seventh Avenue and Carroll Street. The history of this church alone is almost a perfect illustration of the complete merging of the old hamlets and villages into the far flung city.

Seventh Avenue and Carroll Street are two miles from the first site of the church; where the church stands now, in 1807 were scattered farms and woodlands, "away out of town" when the Joralemon Street Church was built.

* * *

Certain rumors regarding a church "proposed to be erected by lottery in Brooklyn" caused a denial that the church was to be irregular in doctrine in any way and the assertion that it was to be conducted in strict conformity with the Church of England. There were Episcopalians in Brooklyn and they met in private homes when they could not get to New York. The Dutch Reformed congregations allowed them to use their churches at times. There were regular services by the chaplains of the British troops during the Revolution.

In the spring of 1784 the Rev. George Wright held Episcopal services in the home of Garret Rapalye at Fulton Street, near Front. Later the congregation moved to John Middagh's barn at Henry and Fulton Streets and then to a salvaged British barracks at Middagh and Fulton Streets. A joint agreement with Pastor Mattuck, an independent Congregational preacher, to use a building on the site of St. Ann's building in Fulton Street led to a dispute and the Episcopalians had the place to themselves. Bishop Provoost consecrated the ground in 1785. Joshua Sands and his wife Ann made it a comfortable church which was named St. Ann's in compliment to the principal supporter. The church

moved before the commercial tide, to Clinton and Livingston Streets.

* * *

Capt. Thomas Webb, a Methodist in the British Army, visited Brooklyn in 1766 and preached in a sail loft. Methodists usually resorted to New York City for divine services. One Woolman Hickson, a Methodist exhorter, preached on a table set up in Sands Street, nearly twenty years later and moved Pater Cannon to give the congregation the use of his cooperation. Mr. Hickson preached there until he died of consumption within a few months.

All Long Island was only one Methodist circuit. In 1793 Joseph Totten and George Strebeck were appointed to it, and a year afterward at a meeting at Cannon's home it was incorporated. Land was bought from J. and C. Sands. It was just where Hickson had preached. The Sands Street Methodist Episcopal Church built there, had in 1795 twenty-three white and twelve Negro members. Joshua Sands, Episcopalian and supporter of St. Ann's, had befriended the Methodists with loans. He refused to accept payment for them and gave the congregation land on High Street for a parsonage. The Negro members formed their own congregation in 1817.

The so-called Old White Church was built by the Methodists in 1810 and was torn down in 1843. The new brick church burned down in 1848 and was immediately replaced.

* * *

Like the communicants of other church organizations, the Catholics, of whom there were very few in Brooklyn until some time after the Revolution, attended services at old St. Peter's in Barclay Street, Manhattan, whither they journeyed every Sunday. The Rev. John Power of St. Peter's went to Brooklyn occasionally to minister to them or sent his assistants.

The first Catholic services of which there is record were held at the home of William Pursell at York and Gold Streets. In 1822 there was a meeting in the home of Peter Turner at Washington and Front Streets. One of those most active was George McCloskey, whose son, born at Fort Greene, was to become John, Cardinal McCloskey. It was found there were only seventy Catholics in Brooklyn able to contribute to the erection of a church. Nevertheless St. James's Church at Jay and Chapel Streets was dedicated Aug. 28, 1823.

The first Bishop of Long Island, the Right Rev. John Loughlin, made St. James's his Cathedral until the diocese arranged for a pro-Cathedral. The

ground which Cornelius Heeney, once a partner of John Jacob Astor, had offered to the founders of St. James's and which they had rejected as too inconvenient, was in 1836 made the site of St. Paul's Catholic Church at Congress and Court Streets—again showing how quickly the community began to spread away from its hamlets in the first part of the last century.

* * *

The promoters of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn on lots running from Cranberry to Orange Streets were severely criticised in 1822 for "going out into the fields" to start a new church. By 1839, when the differences in the New York Synod split the congregation, there was a large enough congregation to make two new congregations—one representing the Old School and one the New School.

* * *

In 1819 the Rev. John Ellis hired a house in Fulton Street "opposite Mr. Hicks" for a church and preached there to Baptists. Elijah Lewis and Eliakim Raymond, fugitives from yellow fever in Manhattan, got twenty or thirty Baptists together and preached to them in private houses and district school buildings. By 1826 the First Baptist Church had a home at Nassau and Concord Streets. In 1835 the church was moved to Nassau and Liberty Streets.

* * *

The Presbyterian Church in Cranberry Street was host to the Unitarians of Brooklyn at first, despite their radically liberal views. These united with other Unitarians who were crossing the East River to the Chambers Street Unitarian Church in New York, and in 1834 began holding services in a hall in Washington Street. When they had bought the former Second Presbyterian Church in Adams Street they called themselves the First Unitarian Church. When the new building at Pierrepont and Monroe Place was finished in 1844 it was called the Church of the Saviour.

* * *

The so-called Independent church with which the congregation of St. Ann's had a difference in 1785 was regarded as a Congregational Church. It did not persist after losing the building.

The Church of the Pilgrims was not organized until 1844. It was opened in June, 1846, with the Rev. Richard S. Storrs as pastor.

In 1846 a member of the Church of the Pilgrims took an option on the old site of the First Presbyterian Church and on it was built Plymouth

Church. Henry Ward Beecher of Indianapolis, who was to be a dominating figure in church and civic affairs in Brooklyn and the Nation, preached the first sermon.

* * *

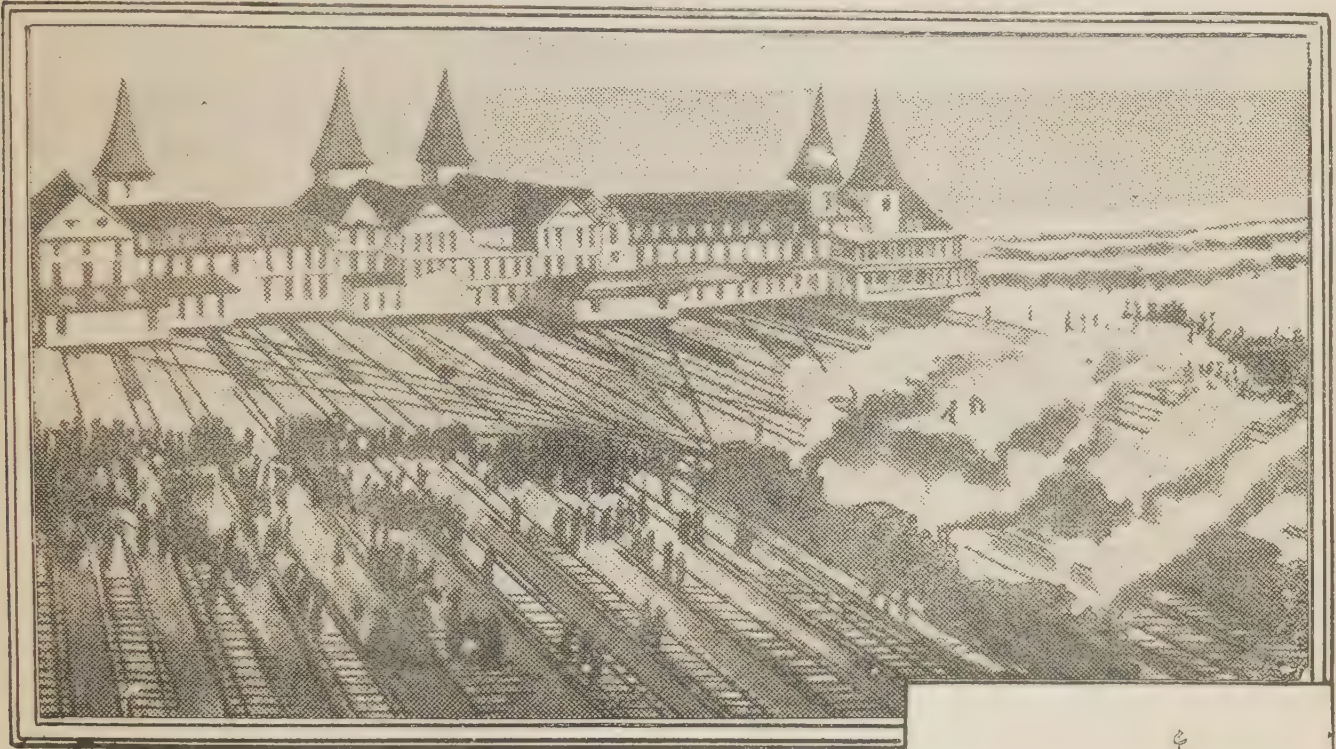
The first Universalist congregation which gathered in Brooklyn was evicted in 1842 on the ground that

"Brooklyn was bad enough without having Universalism" built in it. After that the Universalists shared quarters with the Unitarians until the First Universalist Society built the Church of the Restoration in 1843.

* * *

The first German Lutheran Church was St. John's on Graham Avenue and Wyckoff Street, opened in 1847.

It was not until 1856 that the Jews of Brooklyn determined on forming a congregation of their own. The Synagogue of Beth Israel was not completed until 1862. Before it was finished a number of German Jews seceded from Beth Israel and formed Beth Elohim, in the building once used by Calvary P. E. Church at Pearl and Concord Streets.



MOVING THE BRIGHTON BEACH HOTEL BACK FROM THE EN-CROACHING ATLANTIC OCEAN WITH THE AID OF LOCOMOTIVES. AN ENGINEERING TRIUMPH OF AUSTIN CORBIN

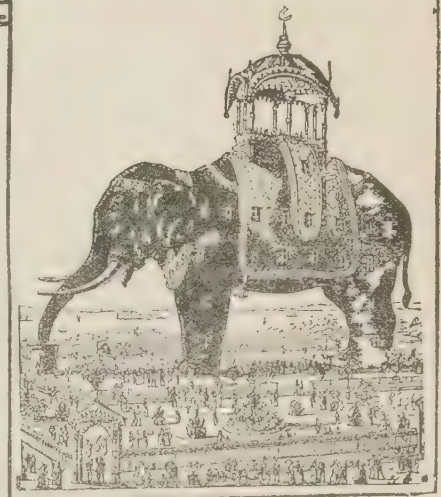
THE VILLAGES OF THE BEACHES

THE ocean front villages, though they gathered their inhabitants at least a hundred years later than those of the interior, are the last to lose their separate identity and community boundaries in the rising population flood which has united nearly all the rest in one great dwelling and business area, its roof surface divided only by the parks and the waters of the Harlem, the Hudson, the Upper Bay, the East River and Jamaica Bay.

There are great tracts in the suburbs which are not yet roofed over. But the white stakes of the real estate

promoter have set their marks on the bare spaces from middle Staten Island, in the uttermost limits of the Bronx and in Brooklyn and Queens. The paint may wash from the stakes; they may rot in the ground; the fanciful, grandiloquent street name signs may fall—but those stakes are the seed of an inevitable city growth to come. We who laughed from train windows at such "developments" already become disheveled twenty years ago find ourselves to-day passing through a population as dense as was that of East New York and New Utrecht then.

Those of us past middle age have vague memories of the Coney Island of our small boyhood. These memories



CONEY ISLAND'S ELEPHANT—ITS FIRST BIG AMUSEMENT DEVICE

are made the more dim because there is nothing between Norton's Point and Oriental Point to-day to revive them.

We remember the trip out from

Manhattan on an iron steamboat; that was certainly less than forty-four years ago because the Iron Steamboat Line was organized in 1881—and we remember the boats as rather dingy. There were noisy waiters whose trays of foaming glasses were quickly cleared by the grownups—and who were abusively cross when asked to bring us milk.

Coney Island itself we remember only as a broad beach with rolling sand dunes back of it on which grew low bushes and here and there a scraggly tree. There was the great elephant, its sides weather-beaten to a realistic gray; we did not patronize the elephant; the Scotch grandfather of our chum said it was not worth the price. There was a hotel which must have been Bauer's and an observation tower with an elevator, in which sightseers were raised a hundred feet or more above the beach.

There were roughly built stands under canvas canopies, some of them had bright-striped awnings and some patched, storm-worn oilcloth. At these stands candy and sandwiches were sold. Whether there were the hot dogs of a later day memory does not say. There were games of chance. The ring-the-cane game and the hit-the-nigger-and-get-a-good-cigar game were vocally advertised in loud tones. There were a few carrousels. Maybe there were dance pavilions. Fishermen were on the beach.

Back on the dunes were great basket picnic parties which sang German songs. There were ramshackle bath houses. The bushes were hung with bathing suits of ugliness and clumsiness—and amplitude—which seem incredible.

NEW ERA OF CONEY ISLAND

Then comes the memory of twenty years later, when one's city editor sent him to Coney Island to tell how big the crowd was and look for the makings of an amusing column for Monday. Surf Avenue and the Bowery and carrousels and fake shows and scenic railways and big, barn-like restaurants had come then. But when one returned and reported that

there had been 25,000 on "the Island" that day he was warned not to let his imagination run away with him and the estimate was cut in half.

George Tilyou came with his inclosed park and its clownish laugh-traps; Fred Thompson, young art and architectural student, with his dreams and likewise his partner and financial manager, Skip Dundy. They had made money at Western carnivals with specialized shows—one of them an adaptation of the mock gruesomeness of the Paris Cafe Neant with its skeletons and coffins and the delusion of changing a pretty girl from the audience into a grinning skeleton with a stereopticon. But Thompson used the now familiar device of building a catacombs of papier mache, with tunnels which twisted and intertwined. They had profited largely with Thompson's Airship Luna at the Pan-American Exposition, where he made the patrons of his model airship think they were rising by the simple process of rolling the scenery down past them until they were "on the surface of the moon, ladies and gentlemen." Then they took them down through the grottoes of the moon to the blare and smells of the Midway again. They rebuilt the Airship Luna at Coney Island and by the next year, with pitifully small capital for the undertaking, began building Luna Park.

"Skip," one of the writers heard Fred ask Skip Dundy while the park was going up, "give me \$10. I want to buy a new pair of breeches. The seat of these is worn through."

"Pull down the tails of your coat," replied the hard-boiled partner-treasurer. "You don't know how much lumber I can buy for \$10."

In a year the two were fairly rich and were building the Hippodrome, for which Thompson had been sketching plans and scenic effects before Luna Park was finished. In a few more years they met with serious financial difficulties.

In this era Coney Island grew like a mushroom bed. Dreamland, bigger than Luna Park, rose and was burned. The Coney Island crowds grew to a

hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, three hundred thousand in as many years. The Evening World won its fight for a municipal bathing pavillion and started the boardwalk agitation which Mr. Riegelmann made effective before he went to the Supreme Court bench. Permanent buildings of brick and cement replaced the shacks.

And now—the white stakes are stretching out in both directions over the miles of reclaimed swamps through which Coney Island creek runs, and Coney Island is not going to be a summer city and a winter village any more, but just an undivided part of New York.

Go you to the east, where were the Oriental, Manhattan and Brighton Beach Hotels, patronized by the noted men of their day—Howe and Hummel, the lawyers, Senator Thomas C. Platt and all his satellites, Henry Watter-son, theatrical stars and magnates; there, Sousa's Band played and fireworks spectacles boomed and sparkled against the sky.

In their stead the stakes came, and now the stakes are disappearing before the spread of homes, large and small, which are not summer bungalows but permanent homes which are occupied in winter as well as in summer.

Ulmer Park, with its fishing and merchandise pier on Gravesend Bay, back of which was a community of not more than twenty houses fifteen years ago, is no longer surrounded with open spaces. Bergen Beach, planned to attract summer night traffic to swell street car receipts, is a business and residence section which is seeking an increase of its transportation facilities.

Canarsie, once the principal wampum "mint" of the Indians, where they shaped their black and, their white shell currency, later a place for shipbuilders and fishermen (and pirates and smugglers) and still later a recreation park and station for public fishing boats—what would old one-eyed Chief Penhawitz of the Canarsie tribe think if he could be brought back from the Happy Hunting Grounds?

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— IN —

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